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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE row over the appointment of Lord Byng to succeed Sir William Horwood as Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is probably due as much as anything to the time and manner of the announcement. We are not particularly impressed with the criticism that the post should not be given to a military man; there have been few occasions when it has not been. We agree that there is no one inside the police force equally fitted for the work, though the fact that there is not may itself be a criticism of the force. Against Lord Byng himself, despite his age, there is nothing to be said: he has proved himself a capable and tactful administrator, and the five years during which, as a maximum, he can hold his new office should give him enough time to carry out the reorganization which the Home Secretary seems to foreshadow.

What has upset people is the suspicion that there was an attempt to manoeuvre public opinion. Why did Sir William Joynson-Hicks think it necessary to make the announcement of the change just when he did? The Report of the Savidge

tribunal is due: why did he not wait till it had been published? He appears to have anticipated its findings in a way that it is difficult to justify. He has spoken melodramatically of Lord Byng's "very stern call to duty," yet in the next breath, having at the time no Report to go on, he was compelled to admit that there was nothing wrong with Scotland Yard. Perhaps there is not, perhaps there is: in either event the Home Secretary has acted prematurely. It may be that after reading the Savidge Report the public will endorse and welcome the change, but they do not like having their judgment anticipated. The trouble comes of Sir William's incurable impetuosity and love of the dramatic. He has now decided that no action is to be taken against the two police constables originally concerned in the Savidge case. This is a very proper decision. But he ought to remember that it was his own premature and sensational—and, as it turns out, wholly unnecessary—talk of "perjury" that precipitated the whole Savidge crisis. It is right for a Home Secretary to have his ear close to the ground, but it is possible to have it too close.

Seven years have elapsed since Lord Birkenhead, as Lord Chancellor, appointed a committee to examine the state of the Law relating to the rights of the Crown against the subject and of

NOISE
DESTROYS
NERVES

Heed the Scientists' warning
and instal
Call up the nearest
Remington Office for help

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the subject against the Crown; three years have elapsed since Lord Haldane directed that committee to prepare a Bill embodying its recommendations of reform. Yet we are still waiting to see the abolition of absurdly antiquated procedure and the institution of urgently needed safeguards against bureaucratic arrogance. With the general question of the State and the private citizen we are dealing in a series of special articles by a highly qualified contributor, the first of which appears in this issue. Here we simply direct attention to the indefensible delay in proceeding with a specific reform which was felt to be overdue seven years ago, and to the letter on the matter which the Chairman of the General Council of the Bar and the President of the Law Society have written to *The Times*. That reform, however, will not suffice. The bureaucracy has got beyond the supervision of Ministers and the control of public opinion. We have actually had, in connexion with the Rating and Valuation Act of 1925, the spectacle of a Minister (in effect his underlings) being empowered not only to "remove a difficulty" with which the Courts of Law ought to deal but being empowered to alter the very provisions that conferred that arbitrary power. Year by year the nation is being reduced towards a level on which it would exist merely for the convenience of its officials. It is time for revolt, and we are heartily glad to see important legal bodies and *The Times* taking a strong line in protest.

The Mond-Turner Committee has issued a hopeful interim report. Briefly, four main points of agreement have been reached. The employers recognize the national authority of the T.U.C. and recommend that workers should belong to an affiliated union; they also agree that there should be no victimization of workers for trade union activities; the Committee propose a national industrial council, with equal representation of employers and men, to which disputes may be voluntarily referred; and they recommend the development of grouping in industry. There has been some criticism of these proposals on the ground that they make little or no provision for workers outside the T.U.C. Of twelve million insured workers in this country, only four million are members of unions affiliated to the T.U.C.; the remainder belong to unaffiliated unions or to none at all. Are these two-thirds to be excluded from the proposals that the report recommends? In so far as it would be easier for employers to deal with one central organization, the Committee are probably wise in recommending that workers should join unions affiliated to the T.U.C.; if their advice takes effect the T.U.C. will grow in numbers and authority and the difficulty concerning unrepresentative labour will diminish. But there is also the question of victimization. The employers agree not to victimize trade unionists; no corresponding undertaking has been obtained from the T.U.C. not to victimize non-unionists. The T.U.C. has an unenviable reputation in this matter, and the employers' representatives have a duty to non-union and unaffiliated labour which they cannot escape simply by recommending affiliation.

The railways are much in the limelight at the moment. They have suffered a heavy fall of revenue for the first six months of this year, and both employers and representatives of the men are bemoaning the fact and talking gloomily of retrenchment. It may be that some reduction of labour costs will be necessary unless receipts look up again. The position is certainly not cheerful, but it is possible that the prevailing insistence on its blackness is not wholly unconnected with the fate of the Bills through which the railways are seeking powers to use the roads. These Bills—with the exception of the Metropolitan Bill, which was turned down *in toto*—have now been passed through the joint Parliamentary Committee, with several important reservations. The worse the plight of the railways is made to seem, the more chance there may be of securing some alleviation of these restrictions or at least of avoiding the imposition of new ones: that, at any rate, may be the calculation, but if so, it is unlikely to succeed. The railways fully deserve the powers they are demanding, but the safeguards that have been inserted in their Bills—partly at their own suggestion—are on the whole expedient. The clause, for example, prohibiting them from competing on the roads within the L.C.C. area is justified by the one good and sufficient reason that these roads are already hopelessly overcrowded.

Lord and Lady Inchcape have shown splendid generosity in presenting to the nation £500,000, the residue of the estate of their daughter, who lost her life in attempting to fly across the Atlantic. The spirit which converts private loss into public benefit cannot be too warmly praised. But the Press seems to have lost its head over the gift. The money is to accumulate for half a century, and then to be used in reduction of the national debt. Can anyone pretend to say whether, fifty years hence, the nation will be in need of such assistance? For all we can now see, the nation may by then have no debt worth worrying about, or a debt so vast that not even a score of such gifts, with accumulated interest, would appreciably reduce it. The remote future is conjectural: what is certain is that the needs of to-day are pressing, and any one of a score of good causes could be permanently relieved of anxiety by a gift of £500,000. Given to the Exchequer, that sum may eventually be applied to nothing better than the mitigation of the consequences of some Government's folly. Admiration for the motives of Lord and Lady Inchcape, and sympathy with them in the occasion of their gift, cannot blind us to such considerations. The wealth that was their daughter's is theirs, for them to deal with as they choose, and we will not further criticize their choice; but it is to be hoped that subsequent benefactors of the nation will think of every great charitable organization, every exportable artistic treasure, every menaced beauty-spot and monument in the country before thinking of the Exchequer.

The Democratic Convention at Houston has elected Mr. Al Smith, Governor of New York, as candidate for the Presidency with even more enthusiasm than that which the Republicans showed for Mr. Hoover three weeks ago. According to newspaper reports, he received thirty minutes'

cheering, as against Mr. Hoover's twenty-eight, but it is possible that some of this applause was due to feelings of geniality resulting from the enormous stocks of alcohol which bootleggers had brought to Houston for the occasion. Both candidates show much more independence than the "party bosses" quite like and this will add to the interest and uncertainty of the election. As a general rule it is considered that Republican voters outnumber the Democrats; moreover, Mr. Smith is hampered by his religion and by his views on Prohibition. But he is known as the man with whom "victory is a habit" and his oratory may yet bring him to White House on November 6.

Herr Müller, having at last formed his Cabinet, has come before the Reichstag with a programme to which it will be difficult for any moderate man in Germany or abroad to take exception. The negotiations which led up to the formation of his ministry have lost him much of the popularity he enjoyed among all parties, except presumably the extremists on the Right. Nevertheless, there seems to be no good reason why this ministry, selected in order to carry on government until conditions make the "Grand Coalition" possible, should not last. Just as one can imagine no better Minister of Foreign Affairs than Dr. Stresemann so Herr Severing, as Minister of the Interior, is *hors concours*; and Marshal Hindenburg rapped Dr. Wirth, the ex-Chancellor, so severely over the knuckles for making difficulties by claiming the Vice-Presidency that disturbers of the political peace will remain for a while in the background. We shall not be surprised if Dr. Müller remains Chancellor until the Rhineland has been evacuated and the reparations question settled.

M. Venizelos's latest manifestation of patriotism will arouse no enthusiasm here. M. Kafandaris, as leader of the Liberal Party and Minister of Finance in the Zaimis Cabinet, had won a good name for Greece in the diplomatic and financial worlds. The crisis which M. Venizelos caused a few weeks ago was patched up on the understanding that he should lead the Liberal Party outside Parliament and that M. Kafandaris, while breaking away from this Party, should remain as Minister of Finance. The truce has not lasted. M. Venizelos has led an attack on the Government's financial policy which has brought about its resignation. Greece, in need of money, was compelled to settle outstanding debts with France on terms that were not very favourable but that had been the subject, as M. Venizelos himself well knows, of very difficult negotiation for months. That M. Venizelos should use this settlement to attack his former colleague is strange; that he should now demand the formation of a Liberal and not a Coalition Cabinet in order to carry out new elections—although such a step must inevitably revive Royalist jealousy—is stranger still.

In the form in which we at present have them, the proposals made by representative Indian Princes for the protection of their interests in a self-governing India are not very clear. They wish to see set up three new bodies: an Indian States Council, presided over by the Viceroy, and composed of Princes or their Ministers and of British

members having no previous connexion with India; a "Union Council," composed of the Indian States Council and the Council of the Governor-General; and an Arbitration Council or Court, appointed jointly by the British Government and the Princes, and composed of three British judges. The first of these bodies would resemble the existing Chamber of Princes, but be more effective than that respectable body. The third would decide disputes between the components of the second. But what authority would the second possess? And how far would the Government of India, when autonomy had been conceded and the Nationalists were in power, co-operate with the Princes? And what could the third body decide but the question whether this or that was *ultra vires* or not? But the appearance of such a scheme is significant. The rulers of the Native States have awakened to the risks of their position in an India moving swiftly towards self-government. We wonder that they have not suggested the continuance of the Viceroy as the Foreign Minister in the Government of India.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's address to the Church Assembly on Monday was non-committal. As a statement of policy it was not precise, but that was wise seeing the gravity of the situation and the need for further thought before a decision is taken. He deprecated talk of Disestablishment or of action on the part of the Church that might bring Disestablishment nearer, but he emphasized the determination of the whole Bench of Bishops that the Church must "retain its inalienable right" to formulate its faith and to unite the expression of that faith in its forms of worship. In September, when the Bishops meet again, they must formulate a positive policy. The Archbishop seemed to indicate that the line this should follow would be that advocated in these columns—that the Bishops should individually, diocese by diocese, set themselves to the establishment of a new working system. This is by no means ideal, but it may be workable. They certainly cannot let things drift into chaos by continuing under the system they have twice agreed to supersede.

The discontinuance of the *Outlook*, for the proprietorship of which there were, we believe, several bidders, must be regretted for many reasons. The weekly reviews are not numerous, and the fewer they become the worse for them as a class of publication, and the worse for a public which gets too little considered critical opinion and too much "stunt" journalism. Though it has changed hands and characteristics too often, the *Outlook* was at various times, and not least under its last editor, a paper which merited attention. That it should have been allowed to die when it could probably have been kept alive seems to be one more illustration of the spirit in which some proprietors now take their duties. Legally, of course, he who owns a paper may do with it what he will; and we will not urge considerations which weighed with proprietors of an older generation. The consoling reflection is that walking out of Fleet Street is not quite so comfortable in reality as it may appear to be in prospect.

THE BODY-SNATCHERS OF FLEET STREET

THE shock of the railway disaster at Darlington last week—the worst that has occurred since the war—was heightened for many people by the use made of it in a section of the Press to advertise the advantages of their free insurance schemes. It is fortunately not often in this country that we have railway accidents, but when we do the newspapers certainly make the best of them.

This accident, being particularly bad, was used in a particularly blatant manner. Public taste is always more or less shocked by this method of reaping gain from the sufferings of fellow beings; not so much by the using of the occasion to extol the benefits free insurance offers, which is natural and legitimate, as by the complete lack of proportion and good taste shown in doing so. It is one thing for a journal to print news of an accident, and at the end or in another part of the paper to add details of its insurance scheme and the names of any victims of the affair whose relatives may have benefited under it; it is quite another, and one revolting to public decency, to make the death of a registered reader the main subject of the report, to give it precedence in huge type and generally to treat the accident as though, far from being a disaster, it were matter for public rejoicing. Sensitive people have been sickened by this boosting of bereavement, and the silly scramble for circulation that has turned accidents into body-snatching competitions. Private loss and suffering are made the occasion for public congratulation; news of catastrophe sets the protruding business eyes of Fleet Street greedily scanning lists of readers in the hope of being able to boast of more corpses than the paper next door.

Decent people, wondering how long this disgusting spectacle must be endured, will have read with gratitude and a glimpse of hope the resolution passed last Saturday in Manchester by the National Executive Committee of the National Union of Journalists. This resolution recorded

... regret at the treatment of the Darlington disaster by a certain section of the Press as an advertisement for newspaper insurances as one which subordinates the traditions of journalism to circulation and advertisements. While recognizing the desirability of legitimate advertising, they regarded the means used on this occasion as derogatory to the profession and repugnant to all sense of common decency.

These are good strong words, and it is pleasing to hear them coming from the men who do the job. The working journalists who "write up" the crash, compose the headlines and photograph "the scene of the disaster" cannot like the use that is made of their work any more than we do. But under the new journalism the editorial staffs of newspapers, even the editors themselves, have been steadily subordinated in power and importance to the business and advertising ends. This protest of theirs against circulation and advertisements being exalted above the traditional usages of journalism is a healthy sign, but it is unlikely to do much practical good beyond making a few directors feel ashamed of themselves. The revolt when it comes will probably not be led from the

reporters' and sub-editors' rooms, dearly as some of their occupants would probably like to lead it. It will be led, on the contrary, from the board-room, and not for moral but for economic reasons.

The race for monster sales must break, and the beginning will probably come soon. The pace is getting too hot. The cost of raising circulation on the scale on which big newspapers like the *Mail* or the *Express* now attempt it is not realized by the public whom they seek to beguile. It is not merely a matter of paying premiums to insurance companies (which in some cases are actually not very large, other methods being in force) nor even of advertising constantly and giving away huge sums in insurance benefits and prizes for brainless competitions. It also means keeping constantly employed an enormous army, running into thousands, of commission touts who work systematically through every street in every district in England inviting the inhabitants to become registered readers. As the representatives of newspaper A leave one end of the street, those of newspaper B enter it at the other; sometimes ground may be covered by as many as six different canvassers in succession. The cost of this process added to the many other highly expensive methods of circulation-raising employed amounts for the whole of Fleet Street to many millions a year. What good comes of it? The brains behind the campaign presumably know their business, but those outside often wonder whether, beyond a certain point, the game is worth the candle on purely financial grounds.

If a newspaper has a circulation of a million or a million and a half, is it going to benefit, proportionately to the expense involved, by raising it another hundred thousand? Beyond a definable point, it cannot go on increasing its advertising rates in relation to each new reader it obtains. When Northcliffe began his net sales campaign he set going the furious competition between rival newspapers for circulation figures which has continued ever since. No doubt to begin with it had genuine and large commercial advantages; now it has grown into a fetish, from the worship of which the hierarchy of Fleet Street seem unable to escape, even while they have lost sight of its purpose.

Much doubtful magic goes to its maintenance. The extraordinary thing is that it seems to have cast a spell on certain classes of advertisers. If the men who have goods to sell could shake off the effects of this hypnotism they might begin to ask questions concerning the relative values of quantity and quality. There are many newspapers of which the certified circulation in no honest sense represents the number of its actual readers. Some newspapers are bought simply for the coupon entitling the purchaser to enter for some prize competition. One person may buy ten or a hundred copies; very possibly nothing else in the paper is looked at, its pages not even opened. How or when the edifice built on a false foundation will begin to topple we cannot tell, but topple it will sooner or later. Then perhaps we shall get back to decency and some sense of proportion, to the great advantage of Fleet Street and the public.

Till then both must suffer. We notice that a well-known daily is now offering £4,000 in prizes to people who can make the ugliest faces. No doubt a good many will make them when they contemplate this latest degradation of journalism, but none perhaps with so much natural aptitude as those who are capable of turning a shambles into a circulation "stunt."

MR. MAXTON'S REVOLT

MR. MAXTON is deservedly one of the best liked men in the Labour Party. Logical and sincere, he has a personality which provokes disagreement and at the same time admiration. There is more of the poet in his nature than the man of action, and if he is an extremist he has the great political merit of not being selfish or calculating. His type is to be found in every party and is commonly in a permanent minority and persistently unsuccessful; but on the other hand it is more powerful in its failures than others in their success.

Some weeks ago Mr. Maxton revolted against present tendencies in the Labour movement. A number of causes has tended of late to depress the confidence of trade unionists, and to deflect their policy into more moderate courses. One of them was the General Strike; a second the Trade Disputes Bill; a third and still more important cause is the serious alarm, which is felt about the future of our staple industries. The change is most noticeable in the debates on the coal industry in the House. The old truculence has disappeared from the Labour benches, even the old insistence on nationalization as the only remedy for the present misfortunes; instead there is elaborate discussion of the problems of the industry, usually some practical suggestions, and a tendency to divert their hopes away from the State to a policy of co-operation with the employers. Lord Melchett's proposals for the establishment of a "Locarno spirit" in industry were well timed, and if the "Mond-Turner" conversations are far from any definite conclusions, the idea and hope underlying them have taken a very strong hold of trade unionists in their new mood. It is out of dissatisfaction with this new spirit and also with what is regarded as the too Fabian and timid leadership of Mr. MacDonald that the revolt of Mr. Maxton and his friends has arisen. The first open sign of quarrel in the party was the departure of Mr. Wheatley from the Front Opposition bench to the back benches of the Clydesiders; the recent manifesto of Mr. Maxton is the formal declaration of a state of war which in fact has existed within the Party for many months.

The Labour Party is an amalgam of Socialist and trade unionist organizations. The two have, of course, intermingled, but for all that the strands of interest can easily be separated. Both wish to improve the lot of the workers, but whereas the Socialists are all looking forward to the public ownership of all industry as the goal, trade unionists have no particular affection for the idea of the dominant State. If they could improve their lot by a combination with the masters in a trade against the State, they would be equally satisfied. The trade unionists are quite prepared to wear the

Socialist cap but only for convenience and for the chances of advantage that it may bring, rarely out of settled political conviction. Thus from the point of view of rigid Socialists like Mr. Maxton the Mond-Turner conversations are treason against the ideal of the Socialist State.

By a narrow majority of seven votes against six on the Council Mr. Maxton has committed the I.L.P., the principal Socialist organization of the Labour Party, to opposition, not only to the trade unionists who are engaged in conversations with the capitalists, but to the present leadership of Labour in Parliament. Its battle cry of "Socialism in our time" is directed against Mr. MacDonald's Fabianism, which would put off the Socialist State to the millennium, and Mr. MacDonald has answered by denouncing the battle-cry as a "flashing futility." The I.L.P. has some allies, notably Mr. Cook, among the trade unionists, but in the T.U.C. the struggle has already been decided. The revolt is almost certain to fail.

Failure, however, may not be purely negative. To acknowledge defeat and go on as before is hardly in keeping with the character of Mr. Maxton and his friends, and it is more likely that having failed to bring round his party he may secede and form a separate organization. Thus we may have two Labour parties, the Independent Labour Party, which is Socialist and anti-Fabian, and a Parliamentary Labour Party, which has Fabian Socialist leaders and an enormous following of trade unionists without any distinguishing principles at all, except to make the best terms for themselves and their trade. But if the Mond-Turner conversations continue and come to anything, the bulk of the trade unionists might find their best interest in some sort of combination with the masters, and we should get the curious paradox of a party of individualists working in close association with capitalists for their common interests, led by Fabian Socialists.

It is difficult to forecast how these party quarrels will work out. One would have thought that common prudence would have induced the malcontents to postpone their breach at any rate until after the General Election, but it is fair to acknowledge that they, for their credit as well as discredit, are similarly indifferent to merely tactical considerations. It is after all unlikely that the two wings will come into actual conflict in the elections. Glasgow is the centre in which the I.L.P. is strongest, and the new Socialist wing will in the first instance be the old Clydesiders under a more ambitious banner and with a separate organization. The first result of the quarrel will be to make combination between the two or three principal parties easier than before, for purged of its extremists the bulk of the Parliamentary Labour Party would be barely distinguishable in its ideas and immediate policy from the new Radicals, and both Liberals and Conservatives before now have worked in close association with Radicals. These matters, however, at this stage are of purely speculative interest. If there were any risk of the Maxtonian Socialists capturing the name and goodwill of the present Labour Party the outlook would indeed be serious. But if, as is much more likely, the Moderates gain an easy victory Mr. Maxton's revolt may do much good both to the Labour Party and to the general political interest of the country.

THE STATE AND THE SUBJECT

I

THE occurrence of recent events such as the Savidge enquiry has had the effect of focusing public attention upon an aspect of modern life which, though of vital and permanent importance, is not normally present to the individual consciousness. What is the relation of the ordinary man to "that great Leviathan" the State? How far does the law give him rights in return for the many duties which he is expected to perform, and, what is more important, how are those rights asserted?

To questions such as these the Victorians returned a comfortable answer. The orthodox view of the last century, as represented in Professor Dicey's work on the Constitution, was that England was, *par excellence*, the country of legality. The dominant characteristic of the English Constitution was the "Rule of Law." No person, natural or artificial, was above the law, no one could be fined, punished or despoiled save by the ordinary process of law, and any untoward interference by the Government or its officials with the rights of the subject was restrained or punished by the ample authority of the judges. With this happy condition of freedom and equality was contrasted the doubtful blessing of foreign Administrative Law, the *Droit Administratif* of France and the bureaucratic tribunals of Germany. It was not only to the credit but to the advantage of a person that he chose to be born an Englishman.

To-day, however, we are not so sure. To the complacency of a prosperous and unruffled age has succeeded a generation which is inclined, or at least prepared, to doubt the supremacy of English institutions. We are no longer ready to "venerate where we are not able to comprehend" the glories of the Constitution. Not only has our security been shaken by the periods of stress through which we have passed and are passing, but the new attitude of the State towards the individual, to which the labours of Parliament give daily witness, is accomplishing a steady, if unnoticed, revolution in our lives. In these circumstances the layman as well as the lawyer may well pause to examine the extent of his protection against the activities of the State, the tendency of modern legislation and the possible remedies for any impropriety that may be discovered.

The first, and perhaps the most important, question is the question of procedure. A charter of liberty, "albeit written in letters of gold," is of little avail without the means of enforcement. Thus in regulating the relationships of individuals *inter se*, the English, like every other legal system, lays stress upon the methods by which rights are ensured and duties enforced. If Jones breaks his contract with Smith, or libels him in a newspaper or trespasses on his land or knocks him down in the street, Smith can commence an action against him for damages in the County Court, at the Assizes or in the High Court of Justice. If Jones retains in his possession documents which are material to Smith's case and refuses to produce them, Smith may, if the Court thinks it conducive to justice, obtain an order compelling him to make

"discovery" of them. If Jones has a counter-claim against Smith, he may raise it in his defence to the same action. After judgment has been given, the loser will be made to pay to the winner the costs of the litigation.

But if Smith enters into a contract with the Crown, or quarrels with his income-tax assessment, or finds his lands seized under compulsory powers for housing purposes or the defence of the realm, he has by no means the same liberty of action. If the matter be one of contract, and he complains that the King, through his agents, has failed to carry out its provisions, he cannot (save in the exceptional case where the government department with whom the matter has been negotiated is a corporation) issue a writ and proceed in the ordinary way. He must present what is known as a Petition of Right, a bill of complaint which requires the assent of the Attorney-General before any Court can enquire into it. It is doubtless true that such assent will, in the ordinary case, be given almost automatically; but this fact does not justify the position or remove the possibility of arbitrary refusal. If the subject complains of a civil wrong other than a breach of contract, not even the archaic remedy by Petition of Right is open to him. "The King can do no wrong" and therefore can authorize none; and the only remedy available to the subject is to proceed against the actual servant who has been made the instrument of the wrong. Thus if, in pursuance of the general policy of the Postmaster-General or of the Lords of the Admiralty, a postman or a sailor commits a trespass on Smith's land, Smith cannot, as is his right in the case of conflict with a private individual, proceed against the superior official, but must bring his action against the actual trespasser, who, in the normal course of events, will happily find his means insufficient to satisfy the judgment.

If, on the other hand, it is the Government Department which takes the offensive, not only are the ordinary remedies available, but, in addition, a whole armoury of weapons which are denied to the individual. Thus it is a rule that, except in proceedings upon a Petition of Right, no costs can be granted against the Crown. Even if the Department has been proved conclusively to have been inaccurate in its appreciation of the law, even though it has harried the unfortunate subject from one court to another and forced him to engage expensive counsel to meet the Law Officers of the Crown, not one penny can it be made to offer towards the costs of litigation. If, when the subject is being sued for non-payment of a debt alleged to be due to the Crown, the subject has a counter-claim which he wishes to raise in return, he may not do this in the same action, but must adopt the separate and hazardous procedure of Petition of Right. The explanation offered of this anomaly in a recent case seems to add insult to injury. The subject, it is said, must not attempt by a flank attack to deprive the Crown of the substantial advantages of procedure which it enjoys. If, again, the subject seeks to obtain "discovery" of documents material to his case which the Crown refuses to disclose, he is met with an almost indignant protestation of outraged dignity and told that he must remember that Government officials are not as other men are;

though, be it noted, this does not prevent the Department itself from enforcing discovery against the subject.

These are only a few of the many advantages enjoyed by the Crown and its servants against the unfortunate individual who is driven to do battle with the forces of the Prerogative. In the words of Bacon (himself no mean defender of the Crown), "In the pleadings and proceedings themselves of the King's suits, what a garland of prerogatives doth the law put upon them!"

The justification offered for the privileged position occupied by the Crown in litigation is as anomalous as the position itself. It is founded on a quite unnecessary identification between the King in his personal and in his political capacity. The maxim that "the King can do no wrong" is convenient and desirable to safeguard the personal immunity of the Sovereign; but there is no reason why it should be used to protect the departments of the modern state from the consequences of their multifarious and disturbing activities. The whole reasoning, indeed, is more suited to the metaphysics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries than to the politics of the present day, and it is significant that, when the Judges find themselves constrained to offer an explanation of the dual capacity of the Crown, they seek safety in the dark sayings of Plowden and Coke, the mysticism of whose language is not unworthy of comparison even with the most triumphant obscurity of the Athanasian Creed. Take, for example, the quotation relied upon by Mr. Justice Romer in a case decided in the present year:

The King [it is said] has a body natural, adorned and invested with the estate and dignity royal, and he has not a body natural distinct and divided by itself from the office and dignity royal, but a body natural and a body politic together indivisible, and these two bodies are incorporated in one person and make one body and not divers, that is the body corporate in the body natural, *et e contra* the body natural in the body corporate.

"So that," we are tempted to add, "there are not two incomprehensibles, but one incomprehensible."

In truth, it is time that the great departments of State should be recognized in the law for what they are: separate and responsible entities with power to sue and be sued to the same extent and in the same manner as any private individual. It should no longer be possible for them to seek refuge, in the words of Tom Paine, behind "the metaphor that lives in the Tower."

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

THE House has been indulging in its annual "grouse" against its own procedure. As the weather becomes warmer and the pressure of business more severe jaded Members are apt to fret at our ponderous legislative machinery. It is like driving through a tropical forest in the Lord Mayor's Coach. The Government would like to use a tank, but the limit of permissible modernization is a device almost as incongruous as would be the fitting of caterpillar wheels to that antiquated vehicle. The Opposition, of course, are more concerned with creating than removing obstacles, but even they accepted the Government's decision to apply the "guillotine" to the Rating and Valuation

(Apportionment) Bill with very little demur. When the motion setting up a time table for the various stages of this measure was taken on Thursday, Lord Hugh Cecil, after arguing that the arbitrary curtailment of debate was only less objectionable than its excessive prolongation, suggested that all Bills should be sent to Standing Committees. This idea received a good deal of general support, but presumably on the understanding that the existing procedure of Standing Committees is also altered.

The Totalisator Bill has just emerged from one of these after breaking all records for length and lateness of sittings. The fact is that while some adjustments might well be made Members are not likely to give up their rights of criticism and that, owing to the impossibility of drawing a definite line between criticism and obstruction, there seems no alternative to the present use of the "closure," the "guillotine" or the "kangaroo" as occasion arises. In these days of complicated legislation the individual is less and less able to judge each and every point at issue. Party discipline becomes the more necessary.

Whether it was the effect of this discussion or of the all-night sitting two days before, Thursday saw the rapid advance of several Bills which might have been expected to provoke lengthier debate. In the case of the Administration of Justice Bill, which is mainly technical, this was only secured by the dropping for this session of the proposed enlargement of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Rabbits Bill, which has been a periodic source of comic relief to the House finally passed beyond its ken, and the Bill for the marking and grading of agricultural produce was also disposed of. On Friday Sir Park Goff's Shops Hours Bill got a third reading without serious difficulty, thus securing permanent early closing to the shopkeeper and the removal of many irksome restrictions on the public.

Monday and Wednesday were the first two allotted days for the Rating and Valuation Bill under the "guillotine" time-table. Miss Susan Lawrence is distinguishing herself by the passionate and copious lamentations over the iniquities of the Government's scheme. She would make an excellent personification of that feature of meteorological prophecy "a deep depression centred over Iceland." She always looks as if she were suffering from exposure to Arctic blasts. She wrings her hands and moans in the manner of a Norn. It is difficult to listen to her without feeling that something dreadful must come of it all. It is only when she joins her hands in supplication to the Speaker, who is frequently obliged to call her to order, that the spell of the supernatural is broken. She took an active part in attempts to make the small producers—the baker, the tailor, the "modiste" and the boot-maker—realize that they ought to get their share of relief, but probably would not. This was the principal issue in the two days' discussion. The Opposition view, as pithily stated by Mr. Lloyd George, was that the country had been "sold a pup on the instalment plan." Mr. Chamberlain's answer was perfectly sound, but it is always easier to make people believe that they are being done out of something than to convince them that their share would be too small to be worth having. Until the whole scheme is properly understood (and to make the recently issued White Paper easily comprehensible will tax the most crystalline brains) the Government may have some difficulties in this direction.

The Committee stage of the Finance Bill was concluded on Tuesday. It was a day of rest for the Opposition, but not for the Chancellor. Nearly all the amendments came from the Conservative benches and most of them dealt with the almost incomprehensible intricacies of income-tax and super-tax. Sir Henry Buckingham always takes his annual oratorical outing on this subject, and associated with him were a band of financial pundits who refused to be convinced that the new "surtax" arrangements did not involve an unjust and unlooked-for burden. Mr. Churchill, who has not been at his best lately and seemed irritable and out of sorts, did not take all these embarrassing attentions very kindly. Though he accepted quite a number of technical suggestions and promised consideration of others, such as the exemption of scientific films from Customs duties, he once or twice got into trouble by the sharpness of his rejoinders. The question was raised of the whittling away of grants to war inventors who often had to enter into litigation with the Government and were then expected to pay income and super-tax on the whole grant. When Mr. Churchill tried to turn criticism by instancing the grants to generals, a false analogy which he was obliged to retract, some of his supporters turned quite nasty.

THE TWO SOUS PAPER

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

ONE French newspaper—only one—is sold for two sous, and the wonderment caused by this singularity has occupied public opinion for several weeks. This newspaper is *L'Ami du Peuple*, owned by that rich captain of industry, François Coty, and brilliantly edited by some person whose name—for reasons no doubt known to the proprietor—is not printed on the newspaper.

Most French dailies sell for five sous, which corresponds precisely to the difference between the franc of to-day, and the franc of the days when *Le Matin* or *L'Echo de Paris* used to cost only one sou. However, the Communist organ, *L'Humanité*, costs six sous: so do the Radical *Le Quotidien* and the aristocratic *Figaro*; *Le Temps* costs eight sous and sells as much or, if you like, as little as when, alone in the whole Press and enjoying a sober popularity, it used to cost three sous. Nobody complains. One sees the labourer in the metro reading his *Humanité* as before, and one never hears of any newspaper coming to grief. There are papers, the Bonapartist *Autorité*, for instance, which are never quoted and which everybody except their readers imagine must have disappeared long ago, but they are still alive and sell publicity space to some section of the trade which apparently thinks it worth its while.

A few months ago huge placards, posted up not only over Paris but even in remote country places, advertised the creation of a newspaper which would have a right to its name, *L'Ami du Peuple*, first of all because it would tell the people the truth, and secondly, because it would save the people's pockets. There was little doubt but this was to be a creation of M. Coty, for this gentleman's picture, along with publicity for a book written "by this great self-made man," invariably accompanied the newspaper's posters. People wondered, while the Press said nothing. But if the Press magnates were silent, they must have been active, for when M. Coty produced the first issue of his *Ami du Peuple* and announced its incredibly low price, there were indeed thousands of people eager to buy it, but there was nobody to sell it. For years there has been an agree-

ment between the Press Consortium and the Hachette publishing company, and on the strength of it every copy of every French newspaper is carried and sold all over the country by *Messageries* on the whole similar to the American Express Company. Innumerable protests have been entered against this monopoly of the Hachette firm, but they have always been ineffectual. This time, as in the past, the newspaper vendors in the little turrets which are a feature of Paris who ventured to take in charge a pile of M. Coty's newspaper promptly lost their job. But M. Coty is evidently an organizer. In two or three days couriers of his own, thousands of them, were selling the *Ami du Peuple* in every street of Paris and in the smallest villages, and there was no doubt that the venture was a crashing success.

Soon a placard war between M. Coty and his opponents, even in the same political camp with him, began. The antagonistic posters said: Every newspaper manager knows that, given the present cost of paper and labour, no daily can be sold for less than five sous, and it can only be sold so cheaply when publicity helps it to carry on. Any newspaper that sells for less must be able to count on extraneous, dark and not entirely honourable resources. To which the Coty placards made answer: The *Ami du Peuple* will publish its accounts, and anybody will be able to ascertain its financial situation. It will promptly appear that a popular newspaper can not only exist but be a commercial success by selling for two sous to half a million people and by attracting proportionate publicity. Then the inference will be that successful newspapers charging more are simply taking advantage of the public's ignorance of these matters.

The question is not one about which the uninitiated can decide, but in the meantime the *Ami du Peuple* has become a familiar friend, and people seem pleased to hear that during the first month of its existence it has collected almost a million francs from publicity. The Press coalition is beaten.

M. Coty is, and he vaunts with good reason that he is, a self-made man. A Corsican by birth, he came to Paris at the age of seventeen with the recipe for a perfume which one of his uncles, a chemist, used to make on a humble scale in his village shop. A lucky accident made him successful where so many other enterprising people in possession of a recipe have failed. To-day his name is universally known and his income is said to approximate to a hundred million francs a year. It is no secret that he owns the *Figaro* and finances the *Action Française*. It is no secret either that he has political ambitions which his election to the French Senate seems far from having satisfied.

What these ambitions are it is difficult to state accurately. If you examine the picture of him placarded everywhere you will notice at once that emphasis has been laid by the artist, and no doubt also by the sitter, on strength. The jaw, the chin, the eye, the straight short hair, the set expression of the face, all belong to the consciously and deliberately strong man. M. Coty evidently is sure that his countrymen are anxious to be governed and his papers say so. The *Ami du Peuple* is openly antagonistic to M. Poincaré for the one reason that the Prime Minister is only a sham strong man and his success is more than he really deserves.

How can a paper—created by a would-be autocrat and making no secret of its ideals in government—appeal to the masses and count on the support of the working classes? A glance at any issue of the new paper will give the answer. The *Ami du Peuple* with its belief in one man is, however, the newspaper of the veteran and, more unexpectedly, of the Syndicalist. Again, how can a newspaper bitterly opposed to the Third International and advocating dictatorship be in favour of Syndicalism? The answer would take too

long to give. Suffice it to say that anybody who has followed the development of French Syndicalism during the past ten years knows that it is now what British Trade Unionism used to be twenty-five years ago. It is regarded as a conservative force. On the other hand, only superficial readers of the *Action Française*—to which M. Coty owes what may be called his doctrine—can have overlooked the fact that, even twenty years ago M. Maurras was coquetting with the Syndicates, then in their infancy. Clearly also, M. Coty has studied the development of Signor Mussolini. Whether he personally wants to become a French Mussolini cannot concern anybody just yet, and is not likely to become a pressing interest later.

THE NAME-GAME

BY GERALD GOULD

WHAT'S in a name? The answer is Meredith's: "Our souls were in our names."

But it is not, of course, as if any nomenclature came to us fresh and naked; the title inherits the tradition and hands it on enriched or soiled; we live, as we legislate, by reference; and a soul would not be in a name unless somebody had put it there. I once tried reading Homer aloud to people who didn't know any Greek, and they said it was simply grand; but what would the noise have meant to them, if I had not taken the precaution of telling them it was Homer? Polyphloisboisterousness itself depends upon memories, old wars and wildering seas; and no mere sound makes sense.

The naming of a flesh-and-blood infant is always a risk. Cacophony you can guard against, but not malapropriety. To name a book should be easier, for you know the best and worst of it before the christening; yet there is need of more than skill for a perfect choice—there is need of magic. And magic the masters had. What heroic promise in the two blunt syllables 'Tom Jones'! A novel called 'Waverley' or 'Pendennis' was born secure of immortality. In lower circles also you find, on occasion, the same rightness beyond appeal. Could Robert Elsmere have been a Horace? Or Dorian Gray a George?

I have been playing with myself the game of trying to find or fashion suitable titles for imaginary volumes. The subjects are pretty well restricted to fiction, poetry and belles-lettres. The history of a country must be called after the country: a history of ethics is always called 'A Short History of Ethics.' But a little—a very modest little—book of essays, for instance? That should not be difficult, but is. And if I turn for help to the titles of my own trifles, I know you will do me the justice of attributing it less to egoism than to idleness.

'Leaves in Vallombrosa,' now!—a neat thing, that: a natty suiting, as worn: a good, full wine, matured in bottle: has distinction and bouquet: would make up well: would go down well: raises echoes rather than expectations. And yet—no sooner have I decided than doubts resurge! What should I, as a reader, ask of a book called 'Leaves in Vallombrosa'? I think I should ask philosophy and history—a wide survey of perished kingdoms and lost loves

—the noise of century after century falling upon annihilation—and the cry of the wind

From all the woods that autumn
Bereaves in all the world.

Something seems to tell me that such a label invokes almost too much from any volume it may decorate.

'Only a Little One'! The suggestion is tempting. But on the other hand one scarcely wants to overdo the modesty. Of course it's a little one! Better not give the critics (terrible fellows, critics) a chance of pointing out that they didn't expect a big. Besides, the phrase has been used before. 'On Compromise' sounds literary and learned, and recalls the late Lord Morley; whereas 'Apology for Punters' sounds immoral, and 'The Better Whole' sounds either flippant or bombastic, and 'A Happy Legend' sounds too much like telling the tale. 'A Short History of Dancing' lies unfortunately open to misconception; it is a paying title, and I should embrace it gratefully for any volume of my own—save that I feel the old firm's unwillingness to disappoint clients. For a similar reason I must discard, however sadly, 'In Defence of Teetotallers.' That has caused enough trouble as it is—what with the licensed victuallers who have thought they found the writer insufficiently enthusiastic for licensed victualling, and the temperance reformers who suspected him of not being wholly serious in the cause of temperance reform. 'Pro Prohibition' is no better: there might be people who would think one meant it. 'The Best End' is brief, beautiful and butcher-like; but it will not serve; it suggests neck or nothing. I incline strongly at the moment, I confess, towards 'Questions to Beg'; for in those words, without too much ostentation of insignificance and inconclusiveness, the general attitude and range of an enquirer are shadowed forth. And it is essentially the writings of an enquirer that we are trying to name.

It is a good game, I think. Adaptable for company and solitude. Can be played at the board or in the bath. And the best of it is that nobody need ever read the books you find titles for; nobody need ever even write them. They are possibly, indeed, all the better for being unwritten. Clever people find fault nowadays with the novels which Stevenson wrote; but I never heard the severest critic find fault with 'Jerry Abershaw' (was it not 'Jerry Abershaw'?)—that dear but unreal child which moved him to such enthusiasm, that romance of the highway which he never found time to write.

True, there are too many books in the world already. I have admitted it before, and cannot deny it. But that applies only to written books: on the ghostly shelves of the intangible, the illegible, the imaginable, is no overcrowding. Down here, in the left-hand corner next the floor, stand the folios; the later works of Shakespeare, fruit of the last Stratford period, are probably the most important among these. There is a goodish Kant, reconciling beyond further dispute the Pure and the Practical Reason. There is an epic poem by Homer, the epic poet: it deals with the wooing of Helen by Paris, and that fatal flight. But best of all, a treasure I

scarcely like to share with you—up here, on the right, among the little books—are two or three new collections of essays by Elia. Also—since we have been talking of 'Robert Elsmere'—there is a sequel to 'Robert Elsmere'; the hero has doubts about religious doubt. And now the game is set. You have but to find the titles.

One wishes that play did not turn so persistently to earnest, and that the mildest nonsense did not come dragging a moral. Irresistibly, however, like the tolling of bells, rings the question whether we need disturb ourselves over a scanty difference between the written messages and the unwritten. We can never absorb, we can never master, we can never profit properly by either. Our eyes are too old for print, almost before we have learnt to read: the dream begins, and is over. Around me, as I sit among my books on a summer evening, the shadows increase about the corners, and reach out in wreaths and vapours, and rise in the room like water in a valley at flood-time; the folios lose their edges, and flow one into another as the shadows do; already it is hard to remember which of all the books in all the brains of the world got themselves into the brief dress of ink-and-paper; and whether any volume had a name.

CARELESS AT LAST

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I SUPPOSE there are thousands of people in this country who are now telling themselves that they are happy because at last they have cars. (Among them is a fellow essayist—the Lord have mercy on his innocent soul!) But what is their happiness compared with mine? At odd moments throughout the day I remember that I have no car, and there is more music in my heart than ever came out of Daventry Experimental. Sometimes I forget that it has really gone for ever. I think of it being away in some garage, eating its head off; I imagine that I shall soon have to go once more and hear the lying reports of the mechanics; I take up my letters expecting to find among them those bills for repairs that are as crazy and vindictive as the proclamations of Oriental tyrants. And then I remember. It has gone for ever; there are no more garages, mechanics, bills for repair; I am no longer an owner-driver but a free man. There is an astonishing feeling of lightness and ease about the shoulders. No longer have I to support a huge and dubious piece of mechanism and its sneering and shrugging attendants in overalls. The thing may have made me look richer than I am, but it certainly made me feel miserably poor. Now that it has gone, I seem to be quite comfortably off again. I take trains and buses and taxis (without having to ask myself "Why don't you use the car?") and I am amazed to find how cheap they are. It is a pleasure to travel now. It is also a pleasure to stay at home, for now there is no five-seater open tourer on the premises to remind me that I ought to be going somewhere in it in order to get my money's worth.

My mind to me a kingdom is. The R.A.C. and the A.A. are fading into meaningless initials. Double Shell is something in an ugly dream. I pass Dunlop and Michelin without so much as a nod. The Golden Pump is one of the innumerable blots on the landscape, nothing more. If any more young men don overalls and dirty their faces, they will not do it at my expense. I am indifferent to the real character of Ethyl. Four, six, eight, or twenty cylinders, it is all one to me now. What they do to the gallon is a question that leaves me shrugging, and at last I have enough spare cash to discover, if necessary, what I can do to the gallon. I can look at the countryside again like a man and not like a mere slave of the wheel. I can afford to dislike your long straight roads, to welcome the narrowest and most winding of lanes. I like to see trams in a town. The sight of cattle in the streets gives me pleasure again. I smile at old ladies who wander into the middle of the road and then decide to turn back. The cyclist seems to me an innocent creature, not without a certain quaint beauty. I have shed a whole foul tangle of contempt and envy. The people who sit in long shining pieces of mechanism no longer seem any better than the people who are packed into a tiny box on wheels. I raise no more hats to the Rolls or the Daimler: neither do I put out my tongue at the oldest Ford. In that daft world of wheels and smells I am Gallio himself. I am happy and free, careless and carless. It is as if my mind—the metaphor comes to me from some vague dream—had been decarbonized.

I was never at ease in that world. True, the first car I had was an unusually incompetent, if not downright malicious, vehicle. It was a very good argument for mass production, for it was of a make so rare that I never found anybody who had ever heard of it, and most people seemed to imagine that I had invented the name—and probably made the car. There was always one part of the mechanism that was not working, and towards the end hardly anything was working; I remember taking one visitor to the station in it when neither footbrake nor handbrake, clutch nor gears, were doing duty, and even the steering-wheel was all loose—we simply rolled down to the station. The only advantage the car had over ordinary cars was that it required virtually no feeding. I never remember giving it any oil, and it only asked for a mere drop of petrol. I suspect that it was not an internal-combustion engine at all, but a car on a new principle—years before its time—and really worked by will power. Probably in a century or two there will be nothing but cars like that, which will simply be *thought* along the road. Unfortunately, my own will was not strong enough, though undoubtedly I worked miracles with it. Men in garages regarded me with wonder and awe after they had examined it, and I have no doubt the more intolerant of these mechanics would have had me burned as a wizard if I had stayed in the neighbourhood.

My second—and last—car was very different. It was the product of a very well-known firm, and it looked imposing enough. It worked in the ordinary way, and so long as various expensive operations were performed upon it from

time to time, it continued to work. But instead of being an ascetic, it was a downright glutton. Petrol it consumed as fast as it could, but oil was its passion. It demanded the most extravagant brands, and it could never have enough of them. It would hardly visit the station under a quart, and when we went touring in it you could have followed our route simply by observing the trail of empty oil drums. I could never afford to buy myself a book or a cigar or a bottle of wine when I had that car, for as soon as I had a spare pound or two it cried out for more oil. It was like entertaining for ever a drunkard who touched nothing but champagne. Imagine the relief at seeing him reel away at last, and you can form an idea of my present state of mind. I cannot pass a garage without jingling the shillings in my pocket and feeling comparatively rich.

That I am a bad driver I will cheerfully admit. I think the trouble about driving is that it requires just the wrong amount of attention—at least from me. It is not absolutely a full-time job, needing all your concentrated powers, but neither is it a thing you can do properly while thinking about something else. This was always my mistake: I would go on so merrily that after a time I would begin to think about other things, and when I did return to the matter in hand I was always a few seconds too late. I was too late at High Wycombe, when I bent the front axle; at Ealing when I hit the tram; at Northwood when I ran into the oldest Ford in the world (it belonged to a billposter) and smashed my radiator; at Newport, that horrible November afternoon, when I cracked the electric standard and gathered round me all the people of Monmouth. When I was not too dreamy I was too impatient. Thick traffic exasperated me. My friend P. actually likes driving through thick traffic, and spends many a happy hour reversing in the most crowded London thoroughfares. Such a taste is incomprehensible to me. It is as if a man liked putting in a morning doing up the most awkwardly shaped objects into parcels, at the risk of being fined or maimed if they were not absolutely neat. My own experiences were so unpleasant that merely to be a passenger in a car that is being driven through a tangle of traffic makes me sweat; and in Paris I shut my eyes and offer up a prayer. It is not that I am afraid of being killed or of killing anybody else (I was never in danger of doing that even when I drove myself); it is simply the thought of that familiar and sickening crash, the crowd and the questions and the fuss, that appals me, remembering as I do my own adventures.

Now I am well out of it, a free man again. I suffer no inconvenience, for there is no longer any pleasure in motoring itself and there are trains and buses and taxis enough to take me wherever I want to go. No more taxes and garage fees and bills for petrol and oil. No more maddening conferences with mechanics who know no more about cars than I do, and no more staggering charges for repairs. No more worries about good roads and bad roads and trams and policemen. I can no longer drop you anywhere. You will have to drop me, and when I go, notice how jaunty my step, how lively the tune I whistle, all so carless and free.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE FUTURE OF AGRICULTURE

SIR,—Mr. Easterbrook says: "When crops can be electrically dried, soil electrified to make it more fertile and the cheap and swift operations of electricity substituted for the expensive and slow operations of men and horses, I believe that we shall have farms of 3,000 acres upwards worked by gangs of skilled agricultural mechanics and with electrical machinery."

For myself, as a man who has farms in hand to the extent of between 3,000 and 4,000 acres, I fancy it will be many years before this forecast comes true, owing to the time occupied in growing crops and livestock being so long that elaborate and costly equipment is not economically justified, but I agree that we need more large farms and I think it is a misfortune that few landlords are able and willing to set an example of large-scale farming. Unfortunately the Death Duties have had the effect which they were intended to have and many landowners are wholly or partially ruined, with the result that they cannot find the capital to farm on anything like a large scale and therefore are at the mercy of the speculator who offers them any sort of a price for their land—however inadequate such price may be—or of the first farmer who is willing to hire a farm at his own figure in the hope that under the Agriculture Act it will prove difficult to get that figure raised, however great may be the improvement in agricultural prices in the future.

During the last fifteen or twenty years enormous sums have been made at the expense of landowners by land-jobbers, aided and abetted by London land agents, largely because the average landowner, not knowing much about his own business, trusts to the judgment of a private manager or agent who sometimes knows little more and is therefore unable to advise his principal to the latter's advantage.

Even to-day, after all that has been written and said about land during the past decade, there is still many an owner who has a very inadequate appreciation of the value of the timber still remaining on his estate, which timber, if judiciously realized, would often make the difference between a forced sale at a ruinous figure, or the sale in two or three years' time of the property at the improved value which is bound to result from the betterment of agricultural prices—foretold by Mr. Easterbrook and other experts.

If the realization of the timber is not needed to stave off the sale of the estate, it could often be used with great advantage to enable the owner to take in hand one or two of the worst farms with a view to their improvement by a year's hard labour in draining and cleaning, and then letting them, as can be done provided the landlord's occupation has been for not less than twelve months, for a term not exceeding seven years, during which period many things may happen and agricultural prices may be doubled.

Unfortunately some landlords have a perfect horror of farming themselves and would take the worst rent from the worst tenant rather than themselves undertake the troubles and risks which always have, and always will, beset agriculture. This is natural enough, but a bad tenant may damage the land up to three-quarters of its freehold value and sooner than be at the mercy of such a one it is wise to make any sacrifice, including the sentiment which many owners have in regard to fine trees—in a "base, mechanical age," and one of extortionate taxation, sentiment is rather out of place.

Lastly, under our system of valuation, tenant right valuers almost always let the ill-doer off very lightly, so the landlord may find that not only has his farm been very much depreciated in value by a slack farmer but also that the latter has not been penalized to more than twenty per cent. of the mischief which he has wrought. The moral, surely, is to make any sacrifice rather than accept a slack tenant!

ThurLOW, Suffolk

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

MORE ABOUT HOTELS

SIR,—None of your correspondents has referred to a very important aspect of hotel comfort and hygiene, which, I am afraid, frequently does not receive sufficient attention from the management. I refer to the table appointments, which so often leave much to be desired. The linen is frequently far from clean; the crockery often cracked and chipped; the silver dirty; the cruets neglected; and the flowers, if any, withered. Even a well-cooked and tastefully chosen meal will appear unappetizing if badly served. Cracked china, too, harbours germs, which no amount of scrubbing in the kitchen will remove. But worse than any of these defects is the negligence with which hotel and public-house bars are conducted.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has recently been waging war on the careless methods adopted in many public-houses of washing used drinking glasses. The practices adopted in these public-houses in full view of the customers in the bar make one wonder how the glasses are cleaned in hotels, where the other services leave much to be desired, and where the kitchen is not open to the public. In many of the larger establishments dish-washing machines are installed as labour-saving devices, but in how many hotels is there an up-to-date glass-washing machine that will not only save labour, but save us from drinking out of lip-stained glasses?

I am, etc.,

F. H. BOULTER

24 Adamson Road, Hampstead, N.W.3

SIR,—When ice is not to be had, a good way of keeping food cool is to fill a box with clean sand, placing the things to be cooled suitably packed inside it.

Keep the box in a shady place and damp the sand well.

I am, etc.,

J. W. TICKEL

30 Kellett Road, S.W.2

ITALY AND JUGOSLAVIA

SIR,—The writer of the article 'Italy and Yugoslavia' in the SATURDAY REVIEW of June 9, while perhaps unduly anxious over the possible dangers arising out of Italo-Yugoslav friction, appears to be unfamiliar with some of the salient facts of the situation. He speaks of the Yugoslav desire for "a better treatment of her 400,000 Slovene compatriots who are living under Italian oppression in Istria." Now the total population of Istria is only 299,295 ('Statesman's Year Book' for 1928, p. 1024); considerably more than half of these are Italians. There are some 400,000 Slavs (Slovenes and Croats) in Italian territory, but they are scattered about the whole Venezia Giulia, the total population of which is 930,108. As for the oppression of those Slavs, I think your contributor might compare it with the treatment of the Italians in Yugoslavia. Only a few months ago Senator Schanzer, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs when the Santa Margherita agreements were concluded, asked a question in the Senate concerning the violations of those agreements by Yugoslavia.

Your correspondent says that Yugoslavia upholds the policy of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples."

Would it not be more accurate to define it as "the policy of the Balkans for one Balkan people"? He denies that Yugoslavia has any aggressive designs against Italy. The Belgrade Government is probably sensible enough not to have any such designs, although its recent purchase of submarines might lead one to think otherwise. But a section of by no means irresponsible public opinion is perpetually clamouring for war against Italy and for the annexation of Italian cities such as Trieste, Pola, Gorizia, and even Udine.

With regard to the various treaties which Italy has concluded with Yugoslavia's neighbours, far from being in contradiction with the letter and the spirit of the League of Nations, they are treaties of arbitration and friendship, similar to those concluded by Italy with other Powers and are in strict conformity with League principles. They were indeed declared to be such by no less an authority than the Secretary General of the League, when he stated that Italy was carrying out the recommendations of the Assembly to conclude such treaties to a larger extent perhaps than any other country. Since the advent of Mussolini, Italy's attitude towards Yugoslavia has been anything but "more aggressive"; on the contrary a serious attempt has been made to arrive at a good understanding (see the Treaty of Rome of 1924 and the Nettuno agreements of 1925); if the attempt has not yet succeeded it is not Italy's fault.

I am, etc.,

LUIGI VILLARI

12 York Street, St. James's Square, S.W.1

PUBLICITY OR SECRECY?

SIR,—Although comment on the Savidge case is not yet opportune, it is permissible to express satisfaction that the enquiry lately terminated—affecting, as it did, many points which touched upon the liberty of the subject—was conducted with unrestricted publicity and with strict scrutiny into evidence. This was only made possible through the powers conferred by the Tribunals of Enquiry Act.

The Royal Commission on Lunacy and Mental Disorder, which sat from 1924 to 1926, was invested with similar powers under the same Act, but it did not, unfortunately, make use of them. And yet the questions dealt with were quite as intimately concerned with the issue of personal liberty. Full publicity was given to the evidence of Lunacy authorities and of everyone connected with lunacy administration; but those who offered evidence from their own experience of secret methods of certification and of what goes on within asylum walls, were heard *in camera*.

There is not much doubt that many things of vital importance to the public were evaded, and that the sifting out of truth is not promoted by secret methods of enquiry.

I am, etc.,

S. E. WHITE

295 Strone Road, Manor Park, E.12

ANOTHER PANACEA-MONGER

SIR,—Mr. Ellis Barker does not take his medicine very well; but he must not misstate the reasons which led me to dismiss his book as unworthy of serious consideration. I did not "attribute the increasing mortality from cancer to the cancerous age" (though, in fact, the main statistical increase has occurred among old people), nor did I "minimize the seriousness of the cancer peril." Even in the face of danger, a sober appreciation of the facts is never out of place.

I will not waste time by again going over the ground covered in my article, but I will add for Mr. Barker's information a few relevant figures. A recent analysis of our mortality statistics shows that, in the last

twenty-five years, there has been a rise of four per cent. only in the standardized cancer death-rate among people under sixty-five years old, while among people over sixty-five the increase is one of thirty-seven per cent. During that period of time the standardized rate of deaths certified as from "old age" has significantly fallen by forty-eight per cent. Moreover, the relatively small percentage increase among those under sixty-five years of age is entirely accounted for by a small group representing cancer in bodily sites (intestines, larynx, lungs, pancreas, kidney, bladder and prostate) in which great increase in diagnostic facility has occurred in the last quarter-century, there being an actual drop of five per cent. in the other group, which covers nearly four-fifths of the whole. I doubt, however, if these, or any other figures or facts, will contribute materially to Mr. Barker's education in biology or pathology. His conclusions are drawn from less tangible premises.

I am, etc.,

"QUAERO"

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

BUDDHISM IN BRITAIN

SIR,—In your review of my 'Buddhism in Pre-Christian Britain,' in your issue of June 9, your reviewer, referring to the Gundestrup bowl, says that "the only truly characteristic Buddhist element is the squatting posture of Cernunnos." This is an astonishing statement, because the frontispiece shows the Buddhist god Virupaksha grasping in his left hand a horned snake as does Cernunnos on the Gundestrup bowl.

Equally astonishing is the statement: "The Druids were plainly not of Celtic origin, and it is in the last degree unlikely that a priestly class, cherishing its stereotyped canons derived from a pre-Celtic culture in the midst of alien barbarians, should open its heart to the Buddhist brotherhood."

There is not a vestige of evidence to prove that the Druids were non-Celtic, or that they had "stereotyped canons," or that their canons were "derived from a pre-Celtic culture." These are just theories, not facts, and should not be given as if they were undisputed facts. I show in my book that Druidical "canons" were not "stereotyped," and I give fresh evidence from Gaelic sources.

Your reviewer's view regarding the Celts is contrary to the archaeological evidence. The La Tène civilization was not "parasitic."

If your reviewer will state on what page I misrepresented his views I shall have the matter attended to. My book emphasizes for one thing that Asoka, the Hindu Emperor, was not romancing when he recorded he had made religious conquests in the West. Other "conquests" were apparently made by "heretical" Buddhist cults.

I am, etc.,

DONALD A. MACKENZIE

[Our Reviewer writes: "In spite of Mr. Mackenzie's series of astonishments at my review of his book, I can only repeat that the representation of the god grasping the horned serpent is not indigenously Buddhist. The contest of Indra with the serpent who holds up the rains is pre-Buddhist and a stock-in-trade of Eastern mythology which was incorporated by Buddhism during its transmission. Rhys unequivocally states that the Druids were pre-Celtic, and both the nature of their doctrines and the general type of Celtic society link them with the megalithic agriculturists of the Bronze Age, absorbed in their cult of the dead. The centres of Druidic ritual were in the megalithic regions; its services were conducted in stone circles and their beliefs can, every one of them, be traced to a pre-Celtic source. That the Celtic culture as a whole was derivative is surely not questionable.—ED. S.R.]

THE THEATRE THROUGH THE MILL

BY IVOR BROWN

My Lady's Mill. By Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts. The Lyric Theatre.

The Tragic Muse. Adapted by Hubert Griffith from the novel of Henry James. Arts Theatre Club.

MR. PHILLPOTTS is an author who has been the victim of his own fertility. Twenty years ago I read clean through his enormous cycle of Dartmoor stories and tramped the tors to see his creatures in their habit, as they lived. There was some fine painting of man and moor in those books, but the fecundity of the writer blunted the edge of his fineness and made the semi-critical public regard as recurrent fodder for the libraries what ought to have endured as literature. A plague of sameness began to infect his sagas of the moss and mist. Mr. Phillpotts mapped out the moor and allotted one story per scheduled slice of land; he was too generous, and had he given more thriftily he would have been more prudent and more regarded. And so with the plays; he will keep on keeping on. 'My Lady's Mill' has every sign of being ground out. When 'The Farmer's Wife' came to London it was fresh and a gusty breeze blew across 'Yellow Sands.' But the new utterance is only an echo and Mr. Bach, who industriously mimics the accents and movements of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke in the inevitable old codger's part, is exactly faithful to the diligent self-repetition of the authors. Mr. Phillpotts's farces have always dealt in mock-Devon, while the stories were authentically of the moor and thecombe. This time mock-Devon seems almost to turn upon itself and mock what it sees.

'My Lady's Mill' has for tenant one of the aboriginals of the theatre, namely, the curmudgeon who has declared war on women and will have none of the vipers in his nest. The ladies always win; they triumphed in Shakespeare's Navarre by their wits, and this time it is up-to-date science that lifts the misogynist's latch, since Miss Grace Honeywell, whose name suggests the murmur of innumerable bees in a sunbonnet, arrives at the mill in the shape of an alert electrical engineer who knows how to turn Devon brooks into profitable power. This being the theatre, she usefully tumbles into the mill-race in order that one of the muscular bachelors employed on oath of celibacy by the miller may paddle in that burn, stem the flowing tide, and earn the supreme medal of the Royal Humane Society by saving her life while losing his heart. The losing of hearts then becomes a positive habit in the mill and the old curmudgeon goes a-wammering and a-wammering from the spectacle of one forbidden embrace to another. Needless to say there is a hirsute and simian ancient who conducts himself in the presence of ladies like a gorilla smitten with nonconformity and to this mannerly monster, very nicely played by Mr. Gordon Harker, there is Miss Drusilla Wills to respond with her familiar squeaks and gibberings. It is as though a temperate Tarzan and a rural edition of Miss Nellie Wallace were finding Arcady on the G.W.R. The gallery can be relied upon to "lift the roof" hereabouts; whom "the gods" love never die at all. Did not Shakespeare play similar tricks in Arden?

So the curmudgeon has to behold the ways of men with maids and of maids with men, while getting off his orgulous chest some of the cider-sharp aphorisms which are the pith of a Phillpotts's farce. There is still some bite left in these bucolic humours and we can still enjoy the snap of the gaffer's jaws as he submits the excellent fopperies of the world to his

peculiar form of mental mastication. But the Devonian formula is certainly wearing thin and, if it is to be sustained, it will need better acting than it receives at the Lyric, where the multifarious notions of West Country speech must be heard to be believed. Mr. Lawrence Anderson struggles nobly with the awful part of a miller's lad who has no brains but vast biceps and wears a still vaster heart on the top of the latter, and Mr. Bach goes chuntering diligently through the fury and the philosophy of the old irascible. Miss Clara Harris, as the expert on turbines and the cause of all the trouble, looks extremely elegant. It is nice to think that these professional women can remain so *soignée* in the engine-room. Mr. Bull's scenery is done in the good old full-foliaged manner, with none of your modern simplicities or suggestions; in short, it suits the plot. But do they put water-mills on the tops of hills rather than at the bottom?

'The Tragic Muse' was painted, as James usually did paint, on a broad canvas. It presented Miriam Rooth as one among many others who mattered. In the play she emerges as monopolist. There is life in Peter Sherringham, the diplomat, who discovers Miriam's talent and is afterwards more intimately interested in her career. Mr. Frank Allenby acted this part with such self-discipline that he never seemed to count against the extremely strong personality of Miss Edith Evans, who played the rest of an indifferent company right off the stage and into the street (I hereby except Miss Margaret Carter, who was perfectly Mrs. Rooth, the lady who said of Shakespeare, "He's so great—and so pure.") No doubt Mr. Allenby and Miss Athene Seyler, who produced the play, were right. Peter probably was like that, and in the book you can make sure of him over hundreds of pages. But in the two hours' traffic of the stage he scarcely put up a fight and the play ran its course as a study of an individual.

Miss Evans gave us brilliantly much of James's Miriam. The new recruit reciting her pieces before the French stage-veteran, Madame Carré, was perfect in the intonations—"a solemn, droning, dragging measure, adopted with an intention of pathos, a crude idea of 'style.' It was funeral and at the same time it was rough and childish." Again, "a long, strong, colourless voice came quavering." It was all there. So too was the relentless will to succeed, the passion to go through any mill to gain her end. The terror at being in such company was, I thought, a trifle overdone and turned to the gawkiness of a bumpkin. The spectators ought to think of the Tragic Muse at once, despite the vocal crudity. What Peter saw in the book was that "she wore a black dress, which fell in straight folds; her face, under her mobile brows, was pale and regular, with a strange, strong, tragic beauty. . . . She looked austere and terrible." Miss Evans did not wear black and she carried herself more like a country cousin in a Du Maurier drawing of Mayfair in the 'eighties than like any premonition of a tragedy queen now ensnared and soon to be enthroned. But that is far less important than the capacity to show the latent, dramatic genius in a recitation childishly delivered. Here Miss Evans was really triumphant. She spoke from the Potion Scene and was both dreadful in her technique and devastating in her emotional pressure.

The scene at the French theatre lived only when Miss Evans was on the stage. The other characters had the most curious notions of the French manner; even Miss Una O'Connor failed for once to establish a part, for she seriously missed the style and dignity of Madame Carré. Miriam is here maturing to become the sparkling St. John's Wood lioness of the last act. In this development, naturally, Miss Evans was at the top of her form and at the close she made every word sparkle like a glow-worm in the dark garden where she finally parted with Sherringham after another victorious first-night. I did not recognize Nick and

Gabriel, but the actors, it must be admitted, had little chance to consolidate their positions. Mr. Griffith had inevitably selected Miriam from the book, and with Miss Evans in the cast, there could be little else to watch. The result was a fascinating solo in which a great actress contributed some tremendous moments of pain and pride to a part not hers by nature.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—123

SET BY T. EARLE WELBY

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a sonnet 'On First Looking Into FitzGerald's Omar.' It is hardly necessary to remind competitors of the sonnet by Keats. Entries may be serious or comic.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a limerick, on any more or less topical subject, so written that though the terminal words do not rhyme the substitution of words equivalent in meaning would produce a rhymed limerick. As a rough indication of what is required—it is not quite:

There was a young man up a tree
Who was horribly bored by a wasp,

but what that would be if "wasp" and "bee" were terms for the same insect.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 123a, or LITERARY 123b).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, July 16, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of July 21.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 121

SET BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a relation in the style of Stewelpeter of the life and fate of a youth given to excessive bicycling.

B. You are a biographer in the two-volume tradition. Write a footnote of not more than 150 words to the following sentence which appears in the text of your work: "The future Prime Minister was at this time still living with his parents at 471A Clapham High Road." We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the most amusing footnotes submitted.

We have received the following report from Mr. Anthony Bertram, with which we agree, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. BERTRAM

121A. The style of Stewelpeter seems to have been more difficult to parody than I had imagined. Mr. Belloc, in his lighter vein, seems to have interfered

considerably, and at times I was uncertain which original was being imitated. W. G.'s entry, which I recommend for first prize, seems to me the most consistently successful parody besides being amusing and ingenious. Pibwob is a very close second. The end of his second stanza is exquisite; but I do feel that the whole poem is a little nearer Belloc than Stewelpeter. His entry is too long to print, but the second prize is awarded to him. I like D. K. Elles's "big black bicycle" and mamma's anxiety about the rain:

For well she knows the silly fellow
May not have got his silk umbrella.

The end, I fear, is weak, but she deserves the most honourable of mentions. H. C. M. would have deserved more than this distinction if he had kept up the level of:

When Johnny reached the age of ten
His uncle Joseph, best of men,
Gave him a bicycle to ride. . . .

But unfortunately there is another tame ending. The only other competitor whom I would recommend for honourable mention is Gordon Daviot, but really Sidney Albert Cyril Bright and P. C. William Conibear step once more from other pages than the German doctor's. The idea is ingenious and the poem neat, except for the clumsiness of two lines.

FIRST PRIZE

Young Michael scorned to work or play:
He rode his bicycle all day.
—Here you see him, full of pride,
Showing off how he can ride.
Meals grow cold;
Nurse may scold,
But you'd think him deaf—I fear
He's pretending not to hear.
—One market-day Mama said, "Michael,
You must stay in: you may not cycle."
Oh naughty Michael! see him pout!
He waits his chance and soon slips out.
Zig-zag he steers about the street
Not minding anybody's feet;
Ting-ling-a-ling! He strikes his bell;—
Miss Martha jumped and almost fell.
The geese, the hens, the chickens fly;
The dogs all bark, the children cry.
Agrippa, foe to naughty boys,
Woke from a nap and heard the noise:
Over the wall his fingers come—
One, two, three, four—and then the thumb;
Michael may scream and kick and bite,
But stern Agrippa has him tight;
He brings him to the joiners' shop,
The joiners run, and soon—chop! chop!—
Cut off both legs—how Michael squeals!—
And stick on two great ugly wheels.
Just see him trundling home! so sad
You'd take him for a different lad;
See how the little urchins grin
When nurse comes out and wheels him in!
Mama cried, "Late for tea again!"
Papa said, "Now 'tis very plain
Michael will never more be able
To sit down properly at table!"
Poor Michael, hungry as can be,
Looks on while they enjoy their tea.
He leans against the parlour wall,
And dare not move lest he should fall.
Late it grows—
See him doze;
But how can Michael go to bed?
Propped in the dusty lean-to shed

He cries for nurse, he cries for light—
The spiders play about all night—
Look, the good cats are crying too;
I'm not at all surprised, are you?
Oh dear! The thought of sleeping there
Is quite as much as I can bear.

"W. G."

121B. I was exceedingly disappointed with the results in this competition. I had felt that the two-volume biographer was fair and easy game and I had looked forward to a deal of amusement. Competitors did not seem to realize that pomposity, ineptitude, irrelevancy, stilted and archaic English and other such characteristics of the tribe were the sources from which amusement should have been derived. A great many made the surprising error of incorporating important information about the prime minister in their footnotes. Such a biographer as I had in mind needs everything for padding his text and only relegates to the footnotes what is controversial or utterly unimportant. The competitor whom I recommend for first prize, has done excellently. (Will he send his address to the Editor, and will he also please sign his name legibly?) The whole thing rings true and the adverbial mania of such writers is happily hit off. The final comment is delicious, though I do not feel that it is so good as G. M. Graham's "Thus does the long arm of coincidence embrace even the early homes of our great men," which nearly won him a prize. John Gauvain deserves the second prize. Non Omnia was amusing and very true to type, but inserted considerations which would have filled out pages rather than a short footnote. Lester Ralph was another defaulter in this way. Jas. J. Nevin had the happy idea of noting the "extraordinary part which the digits 471 play in the brilliant statesman's life. He went to school when he was five years of age (4+1) and left when he was twelve (4+7+1). At twenty-seven (4×7-1)" and so on. G. A. Newall had an excellent sentence, "Negotiations were entered upon for the purchase of a house in Bloomsbury: but the removal was delayed until Sept. 30th, 1898." The results of this competition proved that such perfect parody is not so easy as it may look. I recommend all these for honourable mention.

FIRST PRIZE

Post Off. Direct. 1900. Pg. 2178, where occurs the name of his father as tenant. There was some difficulty about the discovery of the actual house, in spite of the documentary and convincing evidence of the P.O.D., since No. 471 contained a tenant of the same name. Fortunately in a letter from Cambridge to a friend in London, he refers thus humorously to the number of the house;—"I cannot recall anything more stuffily suburban than that house in the Clapham High Road. The number was enough to produce mathematical D.Ts.—in fact my failure in the Maths special may have been due to that accursed 471A. Why A?—Why Algebra?—Why Anything?" Even here we can discern the beginnings of that enquiring mind, which, as he himself facetiously says, "arose not unAided from suburban slumber."

SECOND PRIZE

It is not generally known that three years elapsed between school and 'varsity, during which his artistic and scientific tendencies led him to apprentice himself to a local pharmacist ('Chemists of Clapham,' pp. 490-528). Letters written at this period suggest disillusionment, and later speeches contain references to "pretentious decoys in the opposition windows" and "their insolent prescriptions" ('Political Speeches' I. 39, 253). He accordingly entered Edinburgh University, his father taking charge of the newly formed Jeronian Church in that city, where he laboured faithfully for fifteen months ('Rev. Alexander Liddell: A Memoir,' p. 104 n.). For the Prime Minister's association with its Jubilee, see 'Scotland's Jeronian Churches' (pp. 219-286).

Lloyd Liddell remembered his early vicissitudes with pardonable pride. In difficult days he would say laughingly to his colleagues that, if the Government fell, he possessed a hair-lotion which could make the fortunes of them all!

JOHN GAUVAIN

BACK NUMBERS—LXXX

THERE are so many instances of great gifts rendered of no avail by misapplication that it is rather refreshing to consider the case of a modest talent so used, in a fortunate situation, as to win its possessor a definite, unquestionable place, in literary legend if not exactly in literature. Samuel Rogers, who died within a few weeks of the establishment of this paper, and whose very judiciously and independently selected collection of pictures was critically discussed by the SATURDAY on its public exhibition a few months later, was happy alike in the date of his birth and in the prolongation of his "indefinite reprieve." That must be granted. Born twenty years later, he would have found the high places of English poetry occupied, at least in the estimation of the best judges, by writers of a new order with whom he could not have competed. As it was, he got comfortably away with 'The Pleasures of Memory' before the fashion had changed, and, indeed, achieved fifteen editions before the emergence of any of the great Romantics. And, outliving every one of them, he had for the last twenty years of his life the interest of a survival. But, when all this has been admitted, there is much which must be credited to his own taste, to the distinction of his personality.

That he wrote with care and published with caution may be held to have saved him from disaster, but hardly to have established his position. He was wise in withdrawing the first issue of the second part of his 'Italy': wiser still in reissuing it only when he had the illustrations by Turner and Stothard. But such manoeuvres did not escape sarcastic attention. Someone said naughtily of the 'Italy' that "it would have been dished but for the plates." And his discontinuance of serious poetical production, wise as it was, might only have helped him to oblivion. What saved him, so far as he was saved as a poet, was his shrewd realization that his strength was in knowledge of worldly life and in a taste for art: the 'Human Life' volume testifies to the one, many passages of the 'Italy' to the other. It remains true, however, that the most nearly poetical thing he ever produced was in prose—a footnote to the 'Italy' telling in exquisite and moving phrases of those monks who looked at 'The Last Supper' as they sat at the refectory table and wondered whether they themselves or the painted figures were the realities.

As a poet Rogers has no definite achievement, only a vague reputation, respected by historians of literature rather than by readers of poetry, as a loyal, judicious and painstaking servant of the muses. But as the friend of poets he was incomparable. He composed their quarrels; he advanced their reputations; he lavished on them a hospitality inspired by the nicest discrimination and the most sincere respect for their mystery; he opened his purse to them with that delicacy to which Campbell bore memorable witness. (When somebody asked Campbell how he could secure himself against the bitter wit of Rogers, the answer was, "Borrow money of him, and he will never say a word against you—until you repay him.") He honoured every kind of genius with a noble generosity, a total indifference to the world's opinion, and without for a moment abandoning the right to admonish, to chide, to score off men of genius.

His own explanation of his spoken malice was that he had a weak voice and no one would have heeded his sayings if they had not been ill-natured. The true

explanation probably was that he had an artist's pleasure in fashioning the sting without being particularly anxious to direct it against the actual sufferer. There were, to be sure, times when he used wit as a weapon of reprisal. "Oh, Mr. Rogers," said Lady Somebody, "I hear you are always running me down." "Oh no, Lady Somebody; I spend all my time defending you." And Moore, to whom he was most kind on many occasions, said that the fear of losing his friendship embittered the enjoyment of it. But in the main, so far as I can make out, his delight was in his dexterity rather than in the pain caused his victim.

In everything he was a connoisseur. His pictures, as the SATURDAY remarked in 1856, discussing them and not their owner, were chosen by a man at least a generation ahead of his own. He was in some degree a Ruskinian before Ruskin, and was not without glimmerings of the truths that were hidden from almost all his countrymen till about 1870. He was, it is to be feared, even a little too advanced for this paper, since in the notice of his pictures I find no mention of the Giorgione knight in armour which enchants us in the National Gallery, and which of all the pictures collected by Rogers is the one that comes first to mind. But it is not on account of his flair for any particular excellence that Rogers is to be most praised. It is because, linking two centuries, he represented in everything the best taste of both that he is so worthy of admiration.

Whatever may be urged against the better sort of intelligent worldlings of the two ages to which Rogers belonged, they had a wholeness now almost altogether lost. The Grand Tour, the grand manner, the knowledge of pictures and books and wine, the leisure and finish of conversation taken as an art, the fastidious choice of means; these are gone in our modern haste towards our ends. But (an old reflection) it is only the means of which we can make sure. If they be chosen coarsely for speed, and the ends yet not attained, what judgment can be passed on us but that we have suffered defeat in life? That other was the wiser way. Rogers walked it all his long life, and to such purpose that though no one work of his really matters to us, he has his permanent place in the history of our culture.

Among his qualities was a happy disinclination to take things with undue seriousness. He was a banker who made a joke of being robbed; a collector who remained the master instead of becoming the slave of his hobby; an assiduous cherisher of great men who could see, and be caustic about, and yet not be dismayed by their littlenesses. There was something of the excellent eighteenth-century hardness in him, with that century's feeling for the duties of a patron. He did not slop over in his ministrations to distressed genius or shriek on behalf of the causes he supported. Men of his kind do not directly inspire their age, but they provide an atmosphere in which artistic achievement can be related to social life, in which the poet and the painter can feel they are not in society merely as notoriety or curiosities. Rogers did much for his age in this way. He was a central figure, and the more useful because his own literary pretensions were moderate and his sympathies wider than those of an ardent creative mind can be. He was of those middling men who help others better than the great can.

STET.

REVIEWS

ANTHOLOGIES

BY EDWARD SHANKS

A Pamphlet against Anthologies. By Laura Riding and Robert Graves. Cape. 7s. 6d.

IN a "Foreword," Miss Riding and Mr. Graves tabulate seven papers which review their last collaborated work as though it had been the work of Mr. Graves alone. They explain that they had anticipated some such exhibition of "the vulgarity of a certain type of English reviewer" and that they are wondering how often it will be repeated in reviews of the present volume. Considering that their last book was quite widely noticed, seven papers (only one of them a London paper) does not seem to me to be a large bag. It does, too, seem to be a rather trivial matter, and I refer to it here only because it is a good illustration of the uneasy and often aggressive oddity that haunts these writers.

However, since they attach importance to the fact that they have produced a "word-by-word collaboration," let the fact be stated here. I for one am not going to attempt to unravel the share of one from that of the other. I should guess that Mr. Graves, who recently elsewhere attributed 'Land of Hope and Glory' to Mr. Kipling, is responsible for saying that Tennyson wrote Browning's famous quatrain on Lord Rosebery's marriage. I further suspect Miss Riding of supplying the elegant assertion that "merely preferring martial honour to his mistress's arms did not help Lovelace in any way to love her so much. He loved her less, in fact, because she had, as a woman, *lower social rating* than the sword, the horse, the shield." (*Italics mine.*)

Let us proceed to the argument. The authors disapprove of all anthologies save such as preserve the fugitive pieces which would not be preserved in any other way. They have a good word to say for the "private anthology," so long as it remains private. But the published "trade anthology" from Palgrave and the 'Oxford Book of English Verse' and 'The Spirit of Man' downward, does harm not only to the popular appreciation of poetry but also to the poet himself. It tends to include the least characteristic work of the best writers and the most characteristic of the worst. Such good pieces as do find their way into it lose their value by repetition, as the most common word or sentence if repeated over and over again will become meaningless. (The authors say that "our remarks on the effect of the poem of being repeatedly anthologized, its slow spiritual breakdown, may be considered fanciful." I should say nothing worse of them than that they are ridiculously exaggerated.)

To show that favourite anthology pieces are generally bad poems they analyse a number. One of these is Mr. Yeats's 'Lake Isle of Innisfree'—which, incidentally, they misspell at least ten times, an occurrence possibly affording them an explanation of the inaccuracies in anthologies about which they are so much concerned. Another is Mr. de la Mare's 'Arabia.' Their criticism here is of this order:

If we are to trust travellers, there are no shades in Arabia, particularly at noon, except in sand-storms. There are no forests. The moon and stars are not visible at noon: except in the rainy season, which lasts for a week or two, the sky is as bright as brass at noon. The Arabians, princes and all,

do most of their riding at night. Flowers do appear in certain districts each spring, but grow low on the ground and are soon burnt up.

They make the helpful suggestion that the poem would have been better if it had been about Cambodia.

Emboldened by such triumphs of reasoning, they proceed to deal in the same manner with Wordsworth's poem on the death of Lucy, and remark that "Lucy never in her most active days could have gone to counteract the daily rolling of the earth." But, having done this, they find themselves embarrassed by the fact that nevertheless they do like the poem. So they say that it, "judged by its own idiosyncratic standard, has great uncanonical beauty: it is not logical, but neither is it sub-logical." In other words, when you feel that you dislike a poem, you may condemn it on the ground that it is defective in logic or in fact, but if you happen to like it these considerations do not apply. This seems to me to be a method of criticism which is easier for critics than for readers.

Much of what they say is perfectly sound. They dislike the multiplication of such anthologies as one they quote called 'The Kiss in Poetry,' and here most intelligent readers will be with them. The reason for the existence of these brainless compilations is one of the mysteries of modern publishers. Who buys them? Does anyone ever buy them except to give away? And do the recipients of this well-meant generosity ever read them? And, if they do not, is any great harm done? Much time, no doubt, is wasted in preparing them. But it is highly improbable that the time would be devoted to anything more useful if such anthologies were forbidden by statute. The only thing of importance that happens is that sometimes living poets thus receive a slight pecuniary tribute from persons who would not otherwise spend a penny on them. Miss Riding and Mr. Graves, in so far as they have anything sensible to say, have been wasting their time in beating a horse of which it does not matter whether it is dead or alive.

What is the end of all this argument? It is not so much a mouse out of the mountain as an elephant out of quite another mountain. They propose nothing less than the publication of a Corpus of English Poetry. It is an admirable idea, but it has nothing to do with the present plague of anthologies. Do they really suppose that this evil would be abated because of the existence of a collection which "when complete would consist of thirty large quartos, each containing a number of poets"? One might as well believe that the completion of the N.E.D. would put out of business those dictionaries intended to help in the solution of crossword puzzles.

Further, admirable as it is, it is far from being a new idea. Mr. Squire advocated it long ago. I have written on the subject myself, without thinking that I was being particularly original. Miss Riding and Mr. Graves seem not to have thought of the difficulties which have so far prevented this great project from being put into execution. Our modern standard of textual accuracy is far higher than that of any previous generation and it has compelled a drastic tidying-up of all the texts. This is an expensive work, not often undertaken by the ordinary commercial publisher, but such institutions as the University Presses have completed notable instalments of it. The Oxford University Press, for example, has printed magnificent editions of Donne and Crashaw and other poets for whose complete works there is little demand, and the texts used in these editions would undoubtedly be required for the Corpus. Is the Press, then, to agree to the supersession of the works on which it has spent so much money and which can at best sell but very slowly? These difficulties are not, let us hope, insuperable, but they are undeniably serious. If Miss Riding and Mr. Graves had suggested some way of overcoming them their book would have been more useful than it at present appears.

ANCIENT LORE

Myths and Legends of the Polynesians. By Johannes C. Andersen. Harrap. 21s.

IT is probable that the island world of the middle Pacific, composed as it is of fragments of habitable earth separated one from another by leagues of open ocean, was the last portion of the world to be occupied by man. It was peopled by a series of migrations the memory of the last of which has not yet wholly faded from the minds of the descendants of the bold navigators, who voyaged in their canoes with only the sun, stars and winds to guide them, but covered this vast area of some fourteen million miles before Columbus discovered America. The great age of exploration was perhaps about A.D. 650, when these hardy seamen brought back a graphic account of the Antarctic snow and ice.

In this beautifully illustrated work Mr. Andersen, whose experience has been in the main of the Maori of the present day, has brought together from various sources an interesting collection of the traditional lore of the different islands. New Zealand, with Sir George Grey's work as the main source, bulks largest and Hawaii occupies second place; but Samoa, Tonga, Mangaia and other islands have not escaped notice. It would, perhaps, have been well for Mr. Andersen to state how far his text, where it differs from Grey, is a retranslation of the Maori original; but this is a point with which the general reader, for whom the book is primarily intended, is but little concerned; his interests would, however, have been better served by a map on a larger scale with a different projection and a smaller number of names. Ongtong Java, mentioned only once in the text, has its three names all set out on the map. A volume in which voyages play a large part should also have a map showing currents and prevailing winds.

The author appends a list of works laid under direct contribution from which, as well as from the text, it appears that he has not thought it necessary in dealing with the migrations to consider the evidence derived from the physical types predominant in the different islands. He is under the impression that the Polynesian is everywhere of one uniform build; but nothing could be further from the truth, for the Hawaiian is shorthaired like the pre-Maori people of New Zealand; the Maori is longheaded, like the inhabitants of Easter Island, but the nose and face differ in breadth in these two areas; Samoa, in length of head, agrees with Hawaii, but generally speaking the Western Pacific, which must have formed the gateway of Oceania, seems to furnish yet another type. Mr. Andersen, who somewhat light-heartedly classes the straight or wavy-haired Australian with the frizzly or woolly-haired Melanesian, recognizes a difference of physical type between the upper and lower strata of the population in Polynesia, but it does not seem to have dawned upon him that these differences reflect racial origins.

For the reader who wishes to learn something of the ancient lore of Polynesia, Mr. Andersen has provided a great store of information; but those whose bent lies in the direction of seeking for origins will do well to look with suspicion on the parallels he suggests to names and myths. His habit of citing Norse mythology is harmless but rather irritating in a work which does not profess to discuss fundamentals; but it is a different matter when we are assured that the Maori deity Io must, without doubt, be the same as Iao, which Mr. Andersen declares to be a form of Jehovah, and at the same time of Zeus. The equation is supported by the mention of Io, one of the loves of Zeus, later identified with Isis. In the absence of wireless the early Polynesians can hardly have been in communication with Greece or even Asia Minor and a theory of this sort leads nowhere without evidence of

contact; the first step in a serious attempt to discover the relations of a Polynesian word must be to discover what consonantal skeleton it lost in becoming a purely vowel form, and the second the exact meaning of the earliest discoverable form.

The meteorology of the work is also wild in places; it is suggested in one passage that a breeze from the north-west in the Sandwich Islands was a trade wind from the frozen shores of America. Even if "west" is a misprint for "east," latitude 35°N., where the trade winds first begin to blow, is hardly a frozen shore. But trifling slips such as these need not deter the reader from embarking on study of this very useful work, which has the merit of including an index of no fewer than forty pages.

POETS

Time Importuned. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Chatto and Windus. 5s.

Poems. By S. R. Lysaght. Macmillan. 3s.

Retreat. By Edmund Blunden. Cobden Sanderson. 6s.

Toulemonde. By Christopher Morley. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

IT has for some time been a question for amateurs of distinguished writing whether verse or prose would ultimately claim the author of 'The Espalier' and 'Lolly Willowes.' It was certain that Miss Warner could not keep two such brilliant balls in the air permanently. One would, as time went on, reluctantly have to be laid aside. But which? The answer was suggested, though not decisively given, by 'Mr. Fortune's Maggot.' It seemed likely that so full an impulse as was revealed in that second novel showed that the writer had gone over to the prosaists. But there remained more than a hint of dissatisfaction with her own choice. The end of the book particularly had the baffled air of looking for a conclusion in a couplet. 'Time Importuned,' therefore, was eagerly awaited in the hope that it would dispose of the question once for all.

Unhappily, it does not do such thing. The first impression that it communicates is one of satisfaction that another wholly competent piece of work should have been achieved. Once again it is observed that Miss Townsend has calmly mastered her material. She seeks neither to be romantic nor modernist. She has a definite (if odd) conception of the world and her own soul, and this with equal grace and vigour she tranquilly registers. But at the end, invigorated, amused, and even excited by the book, we are bound to ask ourselves whether the same result would not have been achieved if Miss Warner had written her poems in prose. Or to ask the question in another way: Have we been admitted to the haunted adventures of verse, or something admirable but still not in essence lyrical?

I confess that I am puzzled. I read such a poem as 'The Load of Fern,' and it seems to me that this is the brilliant opening of a chapter waiting for the characters to appear. I have hardly felt that before I come in 'Willow' on the lines:

First hatched of all the brood
Spring mothers on the brown
Nest of the English wood.

which is verse, and very good verse too. There follows to confuse me further, 'Triumphs of Sensibility,' brilliant, almost tender, and yet:

And then night comes, and he and I
Together in one darkness lie.
He holds me in a close embrace,
And bites off my nose to spite my face.

I am as puzzled as when I started, sure only of Miss Warner's real talents, but still uncertain in which of the sister-arts they will ultimately find their full achievement.

With Mr. Lysaght the case is different. What he says could only be said in the shape of verse, and the emotion he induces is that proper to poetry. There can be no doubt, therefore, that Mr. Lysaght is a poet. The question (if one need ask it) is only how considerable a poet? In that I should be inclined to suggest that he is too generous with or perhaps too distrustful of his readers. Unlike so much that is permanent in contemporary Irish poetry, he meets his audience more than half-way. To appreciate the poetry of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Stephens requires a severe intellectual exercise. You win these peaks only by arduous climbing. But Mr. Lysaght provides a funicular railway, which whisks us up to snow-level without effort. Nevertheless, even if sometimes as a result the beauty is too easy, it still is beauty, and still heartily to be welcomed.

In 'Retreat' Mr. Blunden tells us that he has set aside "several verses on Japanese topics and impulses for separate or subsequent presentation." This explanation, set out with characteristic diffidence, lightens a faint sense of disappointment due not to the quality of his verse, which is as good as ever, but to its comparatively restricted scope. Mr. Blunden long ago established himself as a poet of the countryside, not of the week-end country, but the country week without end. It is true, perhaps, that even there the variety of the landscape is infinite for its lovers. It is equally true that Mr. Blunden felicitously lights on lanes that he has not trodden before. But since life and experience were, as his prose-writings show, enriching him, it was not unreasonable to hope for some additional profundity, admission to some new secret. Wordsworth dealt with his hills, but more and more he used them as watch-towers upon the universal. Mr. Blunden has not yet looked, or at least, if he has himself looked, has not permitted us to see "the untrodden green" that lies beyond his familiar fields. But, if we are content with the horizons of the village, we have every reason to be content with one more beautiful interpretation by Mr. Blunden of that quiet circle.

All these three—Miss Warner, Mr. Lysaght and Mr. Blunden—belong in their different degrees to the world of verse. That is not Mr. Morley's world at all. I do not say this because his poem is in part deliberately humorous, in part deliberately prosaic. The best verse in the world has been based on wit, and more than one great poet has introduced the astringency of prose to temper the undiluted sweetness of his verse. No, it is simply that Mr. Morley avoids the issue. Toulemonde is the seer, the dreamer and the creator, but his vision, his dream and his creation are all in fact presented in terms of apology. The poet cannot thus palter with his mission. His form, his method, his manner are his to choose and shape. But having chosen he must drive straight on, and straight through. Mr. Morley does not identify himself with Toulemonde. He exhibits him with loving indulgence. Not thus are stars lit or darkened. It may be, though I doubt it, the way of prose. It is not the way of verse.

HUMBERT WOLFE

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

Queen Elizabeth and some Foreigners. Edited, with introductions, by Victor von Klarwill. Authorized translation by Professor T. H. Nash. The Bodley Head. 18s.

THE major portion of this volume consists of a series of hitherto unpublished letters drawn, like the 'Fugger News-Letters,' from the Vienna State Archives. They are chiefly concerned with the projected marriage of Queen Elizabeth with the Archduke Charles of Austria, and are original authorities of value for the detailed study of Elizabeth's tortuous

diplomacy. There are letters from Elizabeth to the Emperor Ferdinand, and to Maximilian, and a great many others on the same topic. The art of endless procrastination never received better illustration than in regard to the marriage projects of the Virgin Queen, which formed, perhaps, the most potent instrument of her diplomacy. But always when it came to the point there was some obstacle or difficulty. Usually the delay was due to Elizabeth herself. From these letters it would appear that only once was the marriage with the Archduke pressed with any eagerness on the English side, and that was after nine years of preliminaries. In 1567 Sussex was sent as Elizabeth's envoy to Vienna, ostensibly to deliver the garter to Maximilian, but really to persuade the Archduke to visit England. There was much correspondence, but without result. The negotiations broke down on the religious question. The Archduke demanded the free and open practice of his religion in England and declined to visit London.

In a letter to Maximilian, dated February 3, 1568, the Archduke explains the position he took up:

There was no doubt that the matter would long ere this have been arranged satisfactorily, if they had from the very beginning been aware that my constancy was seriously intended. The Queen would now see to it that the proper course was taken, and so they might hope that the matter would end well.

To this I again replied that I could have told him in Vienna in the privacy of my chamber that I would not deny my conscience and abandon the religion in which I had been brought up. That would be neither expedient nor becoming, and that I would abide thereby despite all that had been said and done. Were it a question of some temporal good, I should not be scared by any unpleasantness, and had in this respect already given the Queen sufficient proofs of my goodwill and subservience; but in matters that concern the conscience I would not yield to her, and I hope that the Queen would not counsel me to do so.

Perhaps, also, as the editor of these papers suggests, the Archduke had tired of his rôle of Jack-in-the-box.

The two other parts of the book are formed of extracts describing visits to England by Lupold von Wedel in 1584, and by an emissary of Duke Frederick of Würtemberg in 1595. The former was astonished by the unfortified towns of England, and was enraptured by Elizabeth, whom he saw speaking tenderly to Raleigh and wiping his face with her pocket-handker-

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chief. The Duke's emissary was Breuning von Buchenbach, who was sent to remind Elizabeth of a promise to bestow the Garter. The mission was unsuccessful, but he attended a banquet of Knights of the Garter, of which he gives a detailed description.

This volume is interestingly and very plentifully illustrated, but the translation and editing are not wholly above reproach. The editor does not sufficiently emphasize the importance of the war against France at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign and the fact that Philip II was not anxious for war. And the subordination of religion to politics by Philip II does not seem to be realized. A good instance of this was Philip's disagreement with Mary's policy of persecution. After Mary's accession a sermon was preached in England by the chaplain of the Spanish king. It was a plea for religious toleration. Philip realized, if Mary did not, that persecution in England was impolitic. And Spain's policy was far from being purely papal. At one time Philip actually went to war against the Pope, and he was also excommunicated for a period. These criticisms apart, the latest volume of selections from the Vienna archives is an interesting and useful collection.

THE VIRTUES OF PROSE

Prose of To-day. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

THE compilers of this anthology, which is issued under the auspices of the English Association, have sought to exhibit in it "the range and variety of good prose usage among representative writers of our own time." By deciding that excerpts shall be so brief they have come near to defeating themselves. For, as they themselves recognize, whereas "a lyric may flash its perfection before us in the perfection of half a hundred words," a prose piece of the same length, though it be perfect, will not be seen as perfect "unless it is specially sententious, or startling, or splendid—unless, in other words, it approaches the condition of poetry," and an anthology of prose should, as they say, exhibit the virtues of prose, not those of poetry.

But what are the characteristic virtues of prose? Here is a book which contains no bad prose, and which, since it draws on Lord Balfour, Mr. Baldwin, Lord Oxford, Professor Eddington, Lord Macnaghten, as well as on the novelists and essayists and critics, covers the whole range of contemporary prose, but which yet leaves us rather doubtful whether its compilers have strictly defined to themselves the qualities they would impress upon us as the distinguishing merits of the medium. Rhythm, certainly, a rhythm more closely adapted to every variation of mood than the rhythm of a poem can be, is among them; but here, not wholly through the fault of the compilers, it is for pages at a time to seek. Of rhetorical rhythm, a rather different, a cruder thing, there are good examples in the discourses of the politicians represented. In that respect, as in the faultless tact with which personal emotion is allowed to warm what still and properly remains a formal tribute, nothing could be better than Lord Oxford's speech in honour of Alfred Lyttelton. Another, hardly less conventional kind of rhythm, with much the same excuse, is found in Mr. Masfield's eloquent passage on Suvla Bay, a passage of moved and moving prose into enjoyment of which there creeps a disturbing suspicion when we find so many of the cadences that we should expect and so many phrases just not precise enough. For that more intimate sort of rhythm which is the vital principle of fine prose we shall search in vain through all but five or six of the sixty authors represented in this book. Mr. Belloc has it, in the single phrase—"receiving as she went autumn and the fruition of her fields"—and in the lingering of his prose on a

memory he is loath to have done with, and, above all, in the perfection of his last paragraph:

She was of this kind. She was certainly of this kind. She died upon this day in the year 1892. In these lines I perpetuate her memory.

Perfection is the word for this, because the rhythm of it, unremarkable when the paragraph is taken separately, is felt to be precisely that which would complete the rhythmical scheme of the whole of that essay. Mr. George Moore has come by the secret of rhythms that are those of the movements of reviving memory and capriciously forming thoughts. How many others in our day have attained to any fineness of rhythm?

And then, as regards another distinctive merit of prose, its power of linking the idea to all the circumstances, of minutely materializing and tethering what verse transmutes and releases, that can hardly be illustrated without a copiousness the compilers of this anthology have denied themselves. To a third power of prose, that which makes it inevitably the medium for detailed self-portraiture and confession, they seem to be indifferent: there is curiously little here of the matter in which the essayists of our own as of every other day have abounded. But that a book of this kind should be published with expectation of popularity, with the intention also of use in schools, in a still cheaper edition, is encouraging. The viciousness of paraphrase, on the assumption that what a master of prose has said can be said again in other words; the folly of an essay-writing that does not challenge the writer to expression of his own sense of things within his experience; the slovenliness which takes phrases from the buttered common stock; these things at least such a book will help to discredit. If the subtler merits of prose are here but seldom exemplified, at least workmanliness is well exhibited, and the judgment by Lord Macnaghten will remind readers that sheer exactitude can result in an æsthetic quality lacking in much "brilliant" writing.

A DOCTOR'S WAR DIARY

Medicine and Duty. By Harold Dearden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

THE strangest thing about the admirable War diaries which are now beginning to appear at intervals is that their publication should have been delayed so long. For if, as we were constantly assured, the reading public was already "sick of the war" in 1920, it is difficult to see what can have happened since to produce a renewed demand for its literature. As a matter of fact no one of ordinary intelligence and ordinary human curiosity could fail to be interested in such an intimate, honest and revealing record as this of Dr. Dearden's. Just as a landmark in history, just as a gigantic "event," the war was surely too big a thing for little people to pretend they were sick of hearing about it without making themselves appear ridiculous. How many personal impressions that ought to have been saved for history have been lost or forgotten in the past ten years, owing to this supposed apathy, we shall never know. But we may count ourselves undeservedly fortunate that at least three diaries of exceptional interest have been recovered and given to the world in their original form during the past twelve months.

Among these Dr. Dearden's takes a high—perhaps the highest—place. Its defect is that he never gives a date, and often fails even to tell us which part of the French or Belgian front he is referring to. In so personal a record he may have thought these facts unnecessary. "I was a mere camp-follower," he says. "It was simply that one's mind at the time was receiving a ceaseless flood of new impressions of so vivid and tumultuous a character as imperatively to demand expression, and one wrote to oneself, as it were, for

no other purpose than to make that expression possible." But camp-follower or not, he is a born observer.

Dr. Dearden sometimes envied the fighting men. "They have at least something to kill with and get excited over, while my bearers and I have to walk slowly along about fifty yards behind, doing nothing for long stretches, and able to see everything that goes on." They were shot at without the satisfaction of shooting. Constantly he finds himself without a bearer left; for it was a favourite game of the enemy's snipers to shoot these brave fellows in the back as they staggered towards the rear with the wounded. There were times when, if he had held a weapon, "the Geneva Conference could have gone to hell." Yet it is a remarkable illustration of the professional point of view that Dr. Dearden can describe quite coolly surgical operations and injuries from shell fire which the layman finds it almost unbearable even to read of; whereas he was filled with indescribable horror when he first visited the front and saw some German snipers stalked by a machine-gun party and shot down as they ran—"walking up" men like hares!"

But the characteristic which marks this book off from most other diaries of the Great War is the author's frank enjoyment of his experiences, taken as a whole. It was "one of the happiest periods of my life," "an unforgettable experience," and "it is curious, in retrospect, to find how much one had enjoyed it":

One had shared a common task with men of every type and station, and had been admitted therefore to a fellowship and intimacy so rare as to outweigh even the beastliness that made it possible. The tragedy of the War is not that so many lives were lost and so many ideals shattered, but that this intimacy and fellowship—bought with so much agony and tears—should have been lost to the world in the end. Had there been, at the time of peace, one man in the world so big as to have kept this fellowship undimmed, never since Christ was crucified would a sacrifice have been so worth while.

It is not that he deliberately looked at the War through rose-tinted spectacles—rather through red ones, for he spares us nothing. He describes how a litter of dead horses, broken limber and wagons held up a column on the march, until a "caterpillar" arrived and (as time was pressing) "just backed a bit and drove over everything, dead horses, limber and all, flattening a road for itself and us like a crimson carpet at a nightmare wedding." He is equally ruthless throughout. The difference is that the other side of war—the spirit of adventure, the reckless gaiety—are more prominent here than in most diaries of this particular war—which, after all, we fought with amateur soldiers. The gloom is there—and the mud and the blood in profusion; but there is less gloom, and no despair.

FAITES VOS JEUX

The World to Play With. By Ashley Dukes. Oxford University Press. 6s.

THERE is a unity in the diversity of these essays: throughout the stream of comment and description of stage-affairs runs a passion for "the theatre theatrical." No doubt the post-Ibsenites, who make Mr. Dukes so sad, did regard the modern English drama too often as the appendix of a Blue Book; but is there to be no rebuke save in the unlimited cult of purple patches, painted stages, and all the circus-tricks of Reinhardt and his new lieutenants? Mr. Dukes is an author who is most suspicious of his clan and we have no objection to the bad trade unionist in the arts, industrial solidarity being one of the resident plagues of Parnassus and quite as bad as that endemic fever of the permanently embattled bards and splenetic partisans. But, while

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Mr. Dukes is eager to fill the dramatist with a colossal sense of his own unimportance and to warn him that argumentative drama cannot survive Shaw, he might, we think, avoid such dogmatism as this: "We know that drama, like music, lives in performance alone. Plays have no separate existence in a written or printed text." One at least of Mr. Dukes's readers happens to find his greatest satisfaction in that play of Shakespeare's which he has never seen (and scarcely expects to see) satisfactorily acted, namely, 'Antony and Cleopatra.' That piece does not live in performance alone and it is the very ecstasy of special pleading to pretend that on paper it has no vitality. Furthermore, if Mr. Dukes really believes that plays have no existence in a printed text, why does he publish his own pieces before they are acted and permit his publishers to solicit reviews of them?

Co-ordination of his creed and avoidance of the dangerous confession are not Mr. Dukes's strong points. But a certain dashingness of attack and a rather juvenile intolerance exercised against any type of play except the one Mr. Dukes fancies at the moment are not incompatible with a power to write about many aspects of the theatre in an entirely charming manner. The author goes on his travels with a happy knowledge that in Venice or Salzburg he may escape from the hated realism of our stage; or else he as happily examines the history of claques or analyses the snob in the playgoer. Again he falls into argument with a champion of the "movies" and prints a dialogue on that theme which is profound as well as rapid and readable. Moreover Mr. Dukes can practise as a member of the audience that cult of style which he proclaims to the artists of the theatre. He preaches fancy in a mould of form and his writing proves him to possess it. He calls us to the play playfully as befits one who can see the smile in a city and enjoys the masquerade of a Monte Carlo.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Charlotte Löwensköld. By Selma Lagerlöf.
Werner Laurie. 6s. 6d.

Children in the Wood. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Pas de Quatre. By Basil Creighton. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

Extremes Meet. By Compton Mackenzie. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

MOST Scandinavian novelists are romantic, and in nothing are they more romantic than in their attitude towards ethics. They can hardly write a paragraph without an implied moral judgment. Their maturity is clouded by a multitude of illusions; they never put away childish things, never expel the fairy-tale atmosphere from their books. In English or in French novels the characters are chosen as acting from a number of motives: love, avarice, caprice, duty, etc.; their actions are conditioned by the prevailing habit of their natures, by energy or curiosity or listlessness or fatigue. As a rule the relationship between them and Destiny is a stable affair which can spring no surprise on them or on us, so plainly are the cards of both parties laid down upon the table. And Russian novelists, such as Dostoevski, who have a profound sense of the mystery in which human beings move and credit them with the most irrational actions, represent their characters as continually at war with their own moral ideas; the moral nature is a stranger in the tenement of the soul, ever seeking to establish an ascendancy which its unregenerate fellow-lodger is

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ill-prepared to grant. But in Scandinavian novels we see the characters every moment creating their lives anew at the prompting, as it were, of good and bad spirits. There is no cleavage between the spiritual and unspiritual natures, and consequently little introspection and self-analysis. An English novelist will often emphasize the discrepancy between act and motive; the Scandinavian scarcely separates the two, certainly never tends Hamlet-like to regard action as a partial and unworthy manifestation of personality. The Scandinavian countries are, according to their novelists, full of ghastly hypocrites, shipping magnates, who are always sending out honest seamen to be drowned, so that they may steal their wives or fill their own coffers; but no internal struggle, we may be sure, precedes these deplorable acts; they arise automatically from a corrupted nature.

Even the least successful Scandinavian novels possess the charm of spontaneity, and what a relief it is to the sophisticated reader to come upon characters who can be taken at their face value and judged by their action. One takes them or leaves them; one need not interpose between oneself and their exhausting feats of imaginative interpretation. There is in Charlotte Löwensköld much that tests the credulity, much that charms the fancy; but whether we are considering the sorely-wronged and much maligned heroine, or her two *prétendants*, the conscience-ridden baron and the successful business man, we have always the satisfaction of dealing with solid people, who will never swerve a hair's breadth from their proper characters for the sake of fitting into their own or someone else's scheme of existence. They seem all the more solid for the clouds of romantic glory which Selma Lagerlöf allows to drift across their faces. The narrative is confused and at times provokingly irresponsible and childish: but it never ceases to touch the heart and to proclaim, by implication, that life is worth living.

How marvellously Miss Naomi Royde-Smith understands children! The first half of her new novel is almost entirely about them. She catches the very intonation of their voices, the very colour of their thoughts. Their strange matter-of-fact reasoning, so plausible yet always so surprising to the grown-up mind, she represents perfectly. Perhaps among contemporary novelists only Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Kenneth Grahame can rival her portraiture of children, or convey with like certainty the consciousness of magic that accompanies their lives. In 'Children in the Wood,' however, there are two kinds of magic; the magic natural to childhood, which finds its supreme expression in the relationship between Cilia and her imaginary friend in the wood; and another, supernatural magic by which Cilia's life is to be forced into the pattern of a story and rounded off in a sensational manner. The first kind Miss Royde-Smith manages with genius, the second with patience and discretion. To maintain the thread of personality between childhood and maturity is one of the most difficult tasks a novelist can undertake; the thread is almost bound to snap somewhere, just as it is apt to snap in life. Cilia grown up has many of the characteristics of Cilia a child: but one does not have quite the sense of a continuous personality. The very pre-occupation (with the imaginary friend) which made her so convincing as a child when carried into later life makes her an unconvincing grown-up, and suggests thoughts of mad-houses and so forth most foreign to Miss Royde-Smith's fragile idea. 'Children in the Wood' drags after the first half; but the first half is excellent.

'Pas de Quatre' is an exceedingly clever novel, the total effect of which, for some reason, is much less impressive than isolated passages would lead us to expect. If Mr. Basil Creighton is not a lawyer now, he surely must have been one in a previous incarnation; the scene in the Divorce Court (to which the whole story leads up) is marvellously done, every word

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Every day I had fever, and the heart weakened through walking and pains. A burning headache gave me a presentiment that the rheumatism had already reached so high up. The sight became bad, and even the eyes ached, so that I saw everything as through a red mist. I had myself lost all hope. Then I heard something spoken of that was sure to cure. Just as a drowning person will clutch at even the weakest support, so I did at the new remedy which would be sure to cure me. It was ordered and it came.

I must admit that it was with a feeling of great disappointment, almost of contempt, that I examined the plain Spartan piece of flannel which was called "Radicura," and which would for certain restore me to health.

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tells. And what weighty pronouncements Mr. Creighton makes on the nature of law itself:

Now common sense might have suggested that Mr. Justice Mee simply did not know. But common sense is not in all cases an infallible guide. His lordship had to know because that is what he was there for. He was paid to know, and it would have been an absurd misuse of public money if he had declared that it was beyond his power to be sure. It must be observed further that the law is not so foolish as to overreach itself. It does not say that what it knows is known in terms of that indefinable quality—life itself. It produces first a medium in which it can work with tolerable safety, and this medium is called evidence. On the other hand it would give the show away if legal verdicts were conditional merely and did not pretend to establish matters of fact, and so what is certain only according to the law-made laws of evidence is passed on as current in the indefinable realm of fact or life.

A very just and penetrating criticism. Though he seldom occupies the rostrum like this, Mr. Creighton is always just and penetrating: perhaps this is the measure of his limitations as a novelist. He looks down upon his characters from a tremendous height and illuminates them with a light so satirical and so dry that it shrivels them up. He understands their motives and does them every justice: but they themselves are the veriest ants in his esteem. He can be witty about them—"the irritating young fellow who fumed along as though he wished to overtake his own importance"—but he cannot take them seriously. They are like Aunt Sallies so insecurely placed it seems a shame to knock them down. We can scarcely care whether the Cruikshanks are divorced or not, they have such frail foundations in our regard; and as the interest of the narrative turns on this, the whole effect of the book is weakened. Yet it has brilliant passages, both eloquent and satirical, and one blames oneself for not enjoying it more.

Mr. Compton Mackenzie does well whatever he turns his hand to, and it is a pity that nowadays it should be his hand that he prefers to turn, and not his mind. 'Extremes Meet' is a spy-story, the scene the Eastern Mediterranean, the time the World War. Commander Waterlow has been dismissed his ship for drunkenness; he is now an officer in the Secret Service, hoping to locate an enemy submarine. He persuades a young woman of mixed nationality, and dubious life, to help him. There are a good many characters, of varying degrees of honesty, all drawn with spirit. Indeed, the whole book is written with the gusto and enjoyment and sense of literary effect that Mr. Mackenzie brings to everything he does; and Waterlow is a very possible and human figure. But the story is not as exciting as it should be, because Mr. Mackenzie is at heart too serious a novelist for this sort of spy-stuff and cannot quite persuade himself to take it seriously.

SHORTER NOTICES

Reminiscences of an Old Civil Servant. By Sir John Arrow Kempe. Murray. 12s.

SIR JOHN KEMPE, who was born in 1846 and died last April, was the model of an old-fashioned Civil Servant—acting on the Roman axiom, *Bene vixit qui bene latuit*. He entered the Treasury in 1867, and rose to the important post of Comptroller and Auditor-General, handling many millions of public money with discretion and economy, though his name was scarcely known outside official circles, and some readers may have wondered why *The Times* printed his letters during the war in the largest type. These reminiscences of a long and useful career, though commendably concise, are full of interesting matter. There is a curious account of London in the 'fifties, when Earl's Court was an open waste of brickfields and nursery gardens, and a bus-conductor in a white top-hat used to ring the door-bell and wait for regular customers. There is a vivid description of Paris just after the street-fighting of the Commune, full of smouldering ruins and dead bodies. There are fascinating glimpses of Cabinet discussions under nine Prime Ministers, and of the Ministers themselves: for instance, when the young clerk answered Disraeli's bell and found him sitting before the fire "in green kid gloves and the D'Orsay curl, thinking." As Sir John Kempe observes, a private secretary, "although a small animal, sees necessarily a good deal behind the scenes."

The Restless Pacific. By Nicholas Roosevelt. Scribner's. 12s. 6d.

THE Pacific has been discovered: peace has departed from it, henceforth it is to be a restless ocean. Here is Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt trying, so he tells us, "to piece together the disjointed fragments of the jigsaw puzzle of the Pacific." He recognizes that Russia, "though still a part of the European political system, is a great Asiatic power" and will probably remain so whoever rules at Moscow. Japan he accepts as the present dominating factor in the Far East. He seems to be as much in the mist about China as the rest of us, but perceives that the education of native youth by American missionaries must exercise an influence. His chapters on America in the East are less illuminating than we had hoped. He admits America's prestige in the East will largely hinge on her conduct in the Philippines, and he insists that American idealism must be made practical, and "be supported by a consistent policy in which right will rest on fact rather than theory and, if challenged, will be supported by might."

Undiscovered France. By Emile F. Williams. Harrap. 15s.

MR. WILLIAMS began his motor tour in search of places unfamiliar to the tourist, or even to the traveller, at the "White Horse" at Angers (which is not what it was) and he went through Poitou, the Limousin, the Velay, Auvergne and the Bourbonnais, ending up at Bourges, whose stained glass is second only to Chartres. Most people who claim to know France would say off-hand that there was nothing new to them in such districts, but they would almost certainly be wrong. Mende, for instance, is still almost unknown, save to those who go about on foot. The gorges of the Tarn, which are a world to themselves, are only now being discovered. The account of this journey is refreshingly free from the besetting sins of modern travel writers. The impressions are here recorded in a straightforward manner, the remarks on architecture and on points of historical interest are never long-winded, and the numerous photographs (there are 127) are really admirable. Further, as a guide to hotels, the author is, as far as one individual can check him, sound; though it is matter for regret that he did not apparently discover the inn at Pontgibaud. He did what few motorists have done, when he realized that the way to see the Cathedral of Clermont-Ferrand first is to discover it from the hills; he noted that the people of Limoges have not the passion for keeping their churches spick and span which is so strong (although he does not mention this) in the people of Périgueux, or of the Morvan; and he praised what cannot be praised enough—the cooking and the wine of Angoulême (where the present reviewer has never seen an Englishman). An instructive and interesting book, and a model for those less well-equipped travellers who must write about their holidays abroad.

Health Services and the Public. By Stella Churchill. Douglas. 7s. 6d.

THERE is room for a good handbook telling the ordinary person all about the various health services that have been organized in his or her interest, and how to make use of them. Dr. Churchill, one may hazard, is keener on politics than on medicine, and in politics seems to be a disciple of the querulous school. This book gives a good deal of information about public health services, hospitals, infirmaries, clinics, and so on; but the facts are so mixed up with subdued depreciatory criticism that the reader finds his spirits falling, and, consequently, his interest flagging.

The information, with a few exceptions, such as that on page 222, is accurate and trustworthy; but there is a theoretical tone running through the book which makes many of its suggestions unconvincing to those with practical experience of the matters under discussion. Amongst these is the plea that insured patients should at all times have free access to specialists, regardless of any introduction or recommendation by their own doctor. Dr. Churchill has a faith in what is called "popular control" which experience scarcely justifies. It is difficult to see how "representation of all classes on the Management Committees of hospitals might long ago have remedied such evils as the appalling conditions in which many women bring children into the world." A useful book to go on with, but not quite the one that is wanted.

The Gangs of New York. By Herbert Asbury. Knopf. 18s.

MR. CHARLES HOOPER wrote recently to the *Saturday Review* from Idaho, U.S.A., to point out that "America is now suffering the throes of her birthpangs," the symptoms being lynchings, cold-blooded murder and lawlessness generally. If this be true we can only say the sooner America gets over its throes the better, judging from the detailed brutalities set down in this book which relates, not to Chicago, but to New York. "For fifteen years," we read, "Manhattan Island was divided by the gangs into clearly defined kingdoms," where "Dead Rabbits, Plug Uglies and Whyos," among others, warred. The police, when occasionally stirred to action, would remove "two wagon-loads of slung shots, revolvers, blackjacks, brass knuckles and other implements of gang warfare." It is amazing that a modern community should tolerate such conditions in its midst. Apparently there has been no secrecy, the only excuse being that as Manhattan Island is at the entrance of the States it has retained more than its fair share of the scum of the Western World. Judging by names, all nations are represented in this underworld, but Russians and Russian Jews appear to predominate.

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As Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote to the Editor, this entirely new type of rural periodical 'makes one feel in the country.' To Havelock Ellis it is a periodical of 'fascinating interest'; to the 'Saturday Review' 'a sign of the times.' The 'Spectator' sums up: 'Vivacious, thoughtful, amusing, most original, wholly free from Party bias.'

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THE JULY MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for July contains two papers on literary subjects, one by Mr. Edward Davison 'In Praise of the Poet Laureate,' a second by Mme. de Lagarenne on Alexandre Dumas containing souvenirs and anecdotes of the great man. Mr. Davison's article is mainly expository, though it contains some admirable criticism: it is certainly both well-timed and necessary. The leading place is given to a plea by Sir J. Marriott for the limiting and reducing of the powers of the executive. Mr. Machray expounds 'The Chinese Problem'; Comdr. Kenworthy approves 'The American Peace Proposals'; Mr. Gwynn shows the new spirit of 'India in 1928'; Mr. Bell sees the spread of Communism in France and Italy; and Mr. Lockhart draws a pen-portrait of Dr. Stresemann.

The *Nineteenth* opens with a paper by the Bishop of Southwark on slums, the removal of which is opposed both by owners and dwellers. The Ministry of Health should be given originating powers where local authorities will not act. A paper on Lithuania by Mr. V. O'Hara gives some account of its artists and writers; Mr. Easterbrook discusses and disapproves of the education we are giving in the countryside; Dr. Booth denies that there is any abnormal surplusage of women in this country, and advocates training for domestic life; Prof. Sabaneev sees a new future for music when the human performer, vocalist or instrumentalist, is abolished and a perfected machine takes his place.

The *London Mercury* is an exceptionally good number. The editorial comments on the barbarisms of the Revised Prayer Book are timely, and its proposals for the disposal of the B.B.C. surplus practical. Mr. Maurice Baring gives us one of his sidelights on legends in 'Calypso'; Mr. Archibald Marshall has a study in self-deception; Mr. George Saintsbury writes 'Some Memories of Edmund Gosse'; Mr. Francis Clarke tells us about the Victoria County History and its predecessors; Mrs. Esdaille elucidates the obscure history of English statuary since the Restoration; and Mr. Page on 'Realism and Opera' emphasizes the demand for spectacle. Mr. Newdigate's Notes on Book-Production are excellent; Mr. Powys on Architecture and the Notes on Fiction, Natural History and Belles-Lettres are noteworthy.

The *National Review* is sceptical in its 'Episodes' of the United States' proposals, and reviews the history of the war debts; German propaganda, Safeguarding, the Reform Bill, and Sport stir the Editor to vigorous comment. Four ladies share the honours of the number: Miss Pitt with a fine run after a gallant fox, Mrs. Godfree on Lawn Tennis, Lady Lowther on Norwich Cathedral, and Mrs. Hanbury on her tour in Bessarabia, admirably described. Other papers deal with Bolshevik activities, the Revolt of the American Colonies, a Sea-battle, and the St. Lawrence Ship Waterway.

Blackwood opens with a first-rate story of mountain-climbing with the elements—explained—of a mystery story; the adventures of a Scottish priest early in the seventeenth century are almost as surprising; and the account given of the mixed drinks in favour in a bygone Oxford awakens mingled respect and condemnation. 'Musings without Method' are concerned with the crime of moving libraries, apropos of the Bodleian, and with the latest Bolshevik instructions to their followers.

Cornhill contains a lively study of some 'Pen Portraits in Jane Austen's Novels' by Mr. J. H. Hubback; an account of University life at Cambridge after 1790 by Mr. Wall; some 'Letters from Nowhere' from characters in fairy fiction; and the story of 'Louis de Rougemont,' a famous impostor. Mr. Jan Gordon and Mr. Berry contribute stories, and there is an account of a famous shipwreck on a desert isle.

The *English Review* contains a paper by Senator Weiller on the Alsace Question, one by Mr. Bland on Japan and Manchuria, and one by Mr. Austin Hopkinson on Parliamentary Infallibility. 'Romance and the Young Pretender' is a lament for the obscurity which makes romance possible, and drags out the lamentable story of the Count of Albany. Miss Ingram contributes a nature-study of South Africa, and there are some good reviews.

The *Empire Review* begins a new series with a number almost entirely devoted to Imperial topics—emigration, safeguarding, agriculture, maternal mortality, India, China, Australian share farming, and the Gold Coast—all written by acknowledged authorities on their subjects.

The *World To-Day* opens with twenty pages of the exploits of German submarines, and goes on with twelve pages of Herr Ludwig on Goethe. Memories of Conrad and Lord Northcliffe and an interview with Mr. Hergesheimer follow. Bird-watching in Holland, giraffe-hunting, and counterfeiting are also subjects of articles. The illustrations are excellent.

Foreign Affairs begins a new volume with papers on 'The Financial Disruption of the Austrian Empire,' 'The Economic Foundations of Modern China' by a Chinese economist, 'The United States of Moslem Asia' by Sirdar Ali Shah, and 'The Future of Syria' by Mr. G. Agrouski.

MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

A SENIOR Singer Saloon was placed at my disposal last week through the courtesy of the Company's Managing Director, Mr. W. E. Bullock, and I gave it a thorough test of about 250 miles, over all sorts and conditions of roads. It proved to be an eminently serviceable car which will take one through any weather with comfort and dispatch. It is roomy and very comfortable, well sprung, weatherproof against the heaviest down-pours, and possesses all the equipments the most fastidious motorist can require.

Considering that the price is only £250 the value given is remarkable. I did not try the car all out, but I found it had a comfortable cruising speed of 35 to 40 miles an hour, and judged that it would do well over 50. At 35 to 40 the car held the road wonderfully, and was exceedingly steady. The gear box is of the three-speed type on the right—the clutch is a single plate one, very efficient but a little delicate in operation. Any ordinary steep hill can be climbed on second gear, and a gradient of about 1 in 10 on top. With two passengers in the back and an ordinary amount of luggage, the going was extremely comfortable.

The suspension is by semi-elliptic springs front and rear, which are fitted with shock absorbers enclosed in gaiters. A very noticeable point is the braking system, there being six brakes in all. The hand lever operates a pair of shoes in the rear wheel, while the four-wheel set are operated by the pedal through a Dewandre-Servo motor. These brakes give an absolute sense of security, even on the steepest hill, while the engine is on top gear. Both coach-built finish or fabric bodies are available. The 11.9 h.p. engine (tax £12) has a bore and stroke of 60 x 105 mm. with a capacity of 1,571 cc. The wind screen is of one piece, easily opened and closed by the driver with one hand, by means of a milled terminal.

* *

In referring to the six-cylinder Bentley owned by the Marquis de Casa Maury in our issue of June 23 I mentioned that the body work of this car was by Messrs. J. Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd. I understand, however, that this is not correct, the car in question being built by Messrs. H. J. Mulliner & Co., of Chiswick.

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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

AN outstanding feature of dullness has been presented during recent weeks by Home Railways, a dullness all the more unpleasant because it was unexpected inasmuch as at the beginning of the year it was believed that the position of Home Railways was on the turn and that, after being neglected for a considerable period, the prices of Home Railway stock were likely to appreciate. This set-back has been caused by the continued decrease in traffic returns. One is forced to wonder, however, whether the fall has not been overdone. True, traffics have proved disappointing; at the same time there is always the possibility that economies have been effected which will not allow the margin of profit to suffer to the full extent of the traffic decreases. Further, the very strong opposition which has been shown by those already interested in road transport to railways being given road powers, indicates that these parties are fearful that when these powers are given to the railway companies they will do a considerable amount of this work. The railways will be accorded road powers in due course, and this is likely to increase their revenue materially. In these circumstances, despite the continued fall in the price of Home Railway stocks, and the fact that the market appears absolutely friendless, the present seems an opportune moment for this stock to be purchased and locked away until better days.

TIN SHARES

Another market, the shares in which have continually sunk in price, is the tin share market. Here we have a tangible reason in the continued fall in the price of the metal, but as consumption and demand are likely to outstrip production and supply, the set-back in the metal, due to outside factors, is likely to prove only temporary. In these circumstances, the present seems an opportune time for a judicious investment in sound tin shares, with a view to retaining them until the metal rights itself, in which event share prices will stand considerably higher than their present level.

PENPOLL TIN SMELTER

Next week Lord Derby is to open what is claimed to be the most up-to-date tin smelter in the world. The smelter, which belongs to the Penpoll Tin Smelter Company, is entirely British owned and the tin ore to be smelted there will be chiefly Empire tin ore produced in Nigeria and elsewhere by the Anglo-Oriental and London Tin Groups of Mining Companies. At the start the smelter will have an output of 1,000 tons a month, but the plant has been so arranged that it is anticipated this can be doubled within six months. The erection of this Penpoll smelter should prove of material benefit to the various tin-producing companies administered by the Anglo-Oriental Corporation.

THE GLOBE TRUST

News of the ratification of the agreement between the Marconi Company and the Cable Companies is expected in the near future. It is possible that this may mature before these lines appear in print, and in these circumstances it is probable that there will be an increasing demand for Cable Companies' stocks and Marconi shares. Those who wish to acquire an interest in this market should not overlook the potentialities of the £10 ordinary shares of the Globe Telegraph and Trust Company. This Trust Company is very largely interested in the Cable Companies. Its

balance sheet for the year ended May 31, 1928, shows investments valued at £3,968,991, which are believed to be mainly Cable Company stocks and shares. It is suggested that the present market price of the Trust Company shares compares very favourably with the break-up value of its investments, also at current prices, and in these circumstances it probably would be found more remunerative to purchase the ordinary shares of this Globe Trust rather than any of the stock of the Cable Companies.

ELEKTROLUX

Dealings started in London last week in the "B" shares of the Aktiebolaget Elektrolux, a Swedish company which controls a series of organizations created in different countries for the sale of electric vacuums, cleaners, and other household articles, manufactured by A. B. Lux of Stockholm. This company has had a successful past and pays to-day good and regular dividends. The nominal value of these "B" shares is 100 Swedish crowns, which is approximately £5 10s. 2d. 200,000 of these shares were apparently privately placed in London at £6 12s. 6d. per share. Dealings opened on the Stock Exchange at £8 per share, so it would appear that very substantial intermediary profits were made. Should the price of these shares recede to the neighbourhood of £7, they are well worth picking up.

NITRATE

Messrs. Aikman (London) Limited, the recognized authorities on the nitrate industry, appear to take a more optimistic view of its outlook. In their half-yearly report they express the opinion that, taking the long view, the prospects for Chilean nitrate appear more favourable than they have been since the production of synthetic nitrate began to expand. This improvement is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Chilean Government are now supplying concrete evidence that they intend to assist the main industry of their country. Holders of Chilean nitrate shares have passed through a depressing period and are certainly entitled to the encouragement that can be found by a perusal of Messrs. Aikman's report.

MEURISSE LTD.

The shares of Meurisse, Limited, the Belgian chocolate manufacturers, now an English company, have been attracting more attention of late. The issued capital of the company consists of £150,000 in preference shares and £105,000 in ordinary shares. The preference shares are entitled to one-third of the surplus profits after the ordinary shares have received 7½%. The profits for the last six years averaged £28,200, so that on the basis of only £25,000 being available for distribution the preference would receive 8½% and the ordinary 11½%. Progress of the business during recent months has been satisfactory. The official figures from January to April of this year show an increase of 47%, as compared with last year. As the dividend on the ordinary shares should be at least 12%, at the present price they appear to possess possibilities.

THE 'STATIST'

The *Statist* last week celebrated the fiftieth year of its existence by publishing a special Jubilee number, which included the views of many very distinguished men of business on the industries in which they are interested. The *Statist* is to be congratulated both on having completed its Jubilee and on the excellence of its Jubilee number.

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7 July 1928
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Company Meetings

THE IMPERIAL BANK OF PERSIA

STEADY PROGRESS OF BUSINESS

The THIRTY-NINTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the members of the Imperial Bank of Persia was held on July 2 at Winchester House, E.C., Sir Hugh S. Barnes, K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O. (the Chairman), presiding.

The Chairman in the course of his speech said: Before I deal with our report and the accounts, I propose, as usual, to take advantage of this occasion to mention a few of the more important events that have taken place in Persia during the past year. One rather unexpected occurrence has been the resignation, or rather the departure, at the end of their term of service, of the American financial adviser, Dr. Millsbaugh, and the bulk of his staff. At one time it was supposed that Dr. Millsbaugh's contract, which terminated last December, would be renewed, though with some diminution of his powers as administrator-general, but this expectation was not realized, and only one of his financial staff, Major Davis, who has been acting as treasurer-general, now remains in Teheran. In the last few days we have learnt that he also is on the eve of departure, and that a Mr. Walder, a Swiss banker, has been appointed in his place. It will interest you to know that the Persian Government has appointed Dr. Lindenblatt, a German banker, in Dr. Millsbaugh's place, and this gentleman arrived in Teheran a few weeks ago.

TRANS-PERSIAN RAILWAY

Another very interesting move on the part of the Persian Government has been the decision to commence the construction of what is intended ultimately to be a Trans-Persian Railway from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea. Apparently it is not yet decided whether in the south the railway will start from Mohammerah or Khor Musa.

At first the Persian Government proposed to construct the line themselves, and tenders for material were invited, many of which passed through our London office. But the wiser course has now been adopted of constructing the line by contract, and I understand a syndicate has been formed for the purpose, composed of American, British, German and French firms, to whom the contract will be given. It is proposed to begin construction simultaneously from both ends, the northern section being entrusted to the American, German and French firms, and the southern to the American and British.

PERSIAN NATIONAL BANK

Another matter which deserves mention is the decision to establish a Persian National Bank. In May, 1927, the Persian Maglis passed a law providing for the establishment of a Government Bank to be called the National Bank of Persia, with a capital not exceeding 20 million tumans, which at the present rate of exchange is about £4,500,000. The capital as required was to be provided by the Government at first out of any funds available, and ultimately out of the proceeds of the sale of the Crown jewels and Crown lands, and the bank was authorized to accept deposits and to lend money for the purpose of assisting trade, industry and agriculture. By the bank's statutes subsequently drawn up the issued capital was limited for the time being to two million tumans (£450,000), divided into 20,000 shares of 100 tumans each, of which 40 tumans were to be paid up. All the shares were to be held by Government, and Dr. Lindenblatt, the financial adviser, was nominated the director of the bank. So far as we are aware there is no immediate intention to sell the Crown jewels, and up to date only a small sum has been paid up as a first subscription towards the capital.

THE ACCOUNTS

From the balance-sheet you will notice that our operations during the year show steady progress, which is a matter for congratulation, seeing that trade has not been as active as we hoped. But you will see that on the assets side of the account we possess no less than £3,753,885 in cash and money at call, and we also hold securities easily realisable to the amount of £3,003,719, so that we are in a position to deal with any demands that may be made on us if trade revives. These two items show a marked increase on last year's figures, owing chiefly to the increased deposits lodged with us temporarily by the Persian Government, mainly out of the proceeds of the surtax on tea and sugar. These deposits will no doubt be gradually withdrawn when expenditure on the railway begins in earnest, and the circulation of the money should tend to improve trade.

Owing to the practice of steadily writing down the value of our bank premises by £30,000 a year, the figure under this head has been reduced to £23,825, although we have incurred considerable expenditure on our new buildings in Basra, Teheran, and Isfahan. The new offices in Isfahan have been completed. On the liabilities side you will observe that notes in circulation show the considerable increase of £373,031. This is partly owing to the dearth of silver coin to which I have alluded, and I have already explained the reason for the increase in deposits, which have risen from £6,483,000 to £7,804,000. The profit and loss account needs no explanation. Our disposable balance is £189,646 5s. 4d., almost the same as last year, and we dealt with it in the same way, with the difference that in place of a dividend of 6s. and a bonus of 1s. per share, we propose to pay a final dividend of 7s. You will see that with the proposed transfer of £50,000 to the reserve account our reserve will now stand at £570,000, or only £80,000 less than our issued capital.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

SHIP CANAL PORTLAND CEMENT MANUFACTURERS, LTD.

ANTICIPATIONS FULFILLED: RECORD PROFITS

The Meeting of Ship Canal Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., was held on Thursday last at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., Mr. Oliver J. S. Piper (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that anticipations made last year had become actualities, and the balance sheet indicated sound and substantial progress in all directions. The net profit for the year amounted to the substantial sum of £138,708 8s. 7d. as compared with £60,397 18s. 0d. for the previous year, and constituted a record in the Company's history.

The year under review had been, as expected, most keen and bitter in regard to competition, especially in the areas served by the Company. They had had to meet a very deliberately organized attack on certain markets. Their goodwill in the territories referred to, however, had never stood higher than it did to-day, and the attack had had material advantages for the Company, not the least of which had been that it had spurred them on with their programme of improvements and efforts to save money without impairing the manufacturing or sales efficiency.

Despite price reductions to meet competition, the results obtained were eminently satisfactory. They could never have been produced without careful planning for the future. In the profit figure of this year they had not received any income from their holding in the Holborough Cement Company, or Greaves, Bull and Lakin.

Despite acute depression in the areas they served they had been able to exceed last year's sales of cement, and amongst many important annual contracts obtained since the beginning of this year for the supply of both "England" and "Vitocrete" Rapid Hardening Cement, he would like to mention The Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, the Liverpool, Manchester, Wallasey, Birkenhead, Southport and Stafford Corporations, the L.M. & S. Railway, the Great Western Railway and H.M. War Office. As soon as the textile industry began to revive they would be hard put to supply the demands made upon them but they would get over the difficulty to the satisfaction of their ever-increasing number of customers which had increased threefold during the current year.

The Company had investments at a cost of £1,074,710 7s. 3d., including £150,000 of their own debenture stock. They now controlled two additional works, ideally situated, both from the manufacturing and distributing angle. The Board had valued the holdings on the basis of actual cost, and were confident that these investments should bring in a satisfactory and increasing income.

Repeating that the year's satisfactory profit included nothing from Holborough Cement or Greaves, Bull and Lakin, he would emphasize the fact that they had every reason to congratulate themselves on possessing those holdings which from every angle had justified the investment.

The net profit, as he had said, amounted to £138,662, and the Board proposed to recommend a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum upon the 2,500,000 Ordinary shares ranking. There might be disappointment that a higher rate of dividend was not recommended, but it was not yet clear what calls might be made upon their cash reserves.

Since the date of the balance sheet, through the assistance of the Associated Anglo-Atlantic Corporation, Ltd., and the British Cement Products and Finance Company, Ltd., the Company had been able to obtain the control of the Dunstable Portland Cement Company, Ltd., and Smeed, Dean and Co., Ltd. In connexion with those further absorptions he would say that there was no idea of becoming monopolistic; quite the reverse. The benefits of such consolidations would be reaped in the way of larger profits being earned as a result of increased internal efficiency. The Board aimed at having concentrated and centralised control for the large number of works now coming under what was known as the Red Triangle Group. The Board would also now be able to work out a comprehensive bonus scheme for the Group employees and generally to foster the team spirit in every possible way in connexion with their schemes of solidification, and to create a structure of which all who were part of it could be justly proud. One and all they wished to play a role in the Cement Industry that was constructive and justified their simple slogan "Dependability—Right Across England."

The output of the two further plants would be handled by the Portland Cement Selling and Distributing Company, Ltd., as were the outputs of this Company, Greaves, Bull and Lakin and the Holborough Cement Company. The creation of that Company to handle that side of their business had proved its efficacy and it had been responsible for all the propaganda of the Red Triangle Group, and thus for the amazing success that their Rapid Hardening Cement, i.e., Vitocrete, had met with. To denote in a clear and lucid way the sacks the Grouped Companies used to distribute their Cement, it had been decided in future to pack their Cement in red sacks which would act as signposts for "Dependability" in cement. The Ship Canal Company was the nerve centre and driving and connecting force of a group of works ideally situated for the scientific and economic distribution of "Dependability" brands of cement, according to their slogan "Right Across England."

The report and accounts were adopted.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 329

TWO CHESS-BOARD PIECES WHICH CAN LEAP OR HOP,
BUT DON'T GO VERY FAR BEFORE THEY STOP.
ONE ALICE MET, THE OTHER IS HIS FOE.

1. Catches, as to their cost some winged-ones know.
2. Of Greek for valour famed the weak point this.
3. Emetic needed? That mayn't be amiss.
4. Behead him: patiently the pain he'll bear.
5. Produced a shepherd blest with genius rare.
6. Curtail the son of a pacific race.
7. When 'Drawn-out' died my offspring took his place.
8. Clip at both ends a land where much snow falls,
9. At one, a fruit that thrives on garden walls.
10. Shelters from cold the quadruped you mount.
11. For each received God's servants must account.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 327

A STRONG-BILLED BIRD AND A PREDACEOUS BEAST;
THAT TUNNELS BANKS, ON SQUIRREL THIS MAY FEAST.

1. His face is black, and O his heart is small!
2. Clip at both ends a weapon cast by Saul.
3. Her tragic story is by Masfield told.
4. River of France in which we prisoners hold.
5. Behead this impetus, a caul will come.
6. Unbought, she cost us quite a tidy sum.
7. Gay bird, or, league-long, thundering on the reef.
8. Copy—of poet's song or lawyer's brief.
9. Service is none—so says an adage sound.
10. Curtail an island, or sagacious hound.

Solution of Acrostic No. 327

S	wee	P	1 1 Sam. xviii, 11.
ja	vel	In	1 2 See 'The Tragedy of Nan,' by John
N	a	N	2 Masfield.
D	uranc	E	3 An affluent of the Rhone on which lie
M	oments	M	Avignon and the beautifully-situated
A	labam	A	4 town of Sisteron.
R	olle	R	5 4 See Justin McCarthy's 'Short History of
T	ranscrip	T	Our Own Times,' chap. xxiv.
I	nheritanc	E	6 5 "The league-long roller thundering on
N	ewfoundla	Nd	the reef." (Tennyson.) The bird is
			Coracias garrula.
			6 "Service is no inheritance."

Owing to the vagaries of the post this week's Acrostics results have failed to reach us before we go to press, and we are unable to publish the name of the winner of Acrostic 327 or answers to solvers' queries. These will appear in our next issue. ED.—S.R.

Company Meeting

ANGLO-ARGENTINE TRAMWAYS

The FORTY-FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company, Ltd., was held on July 3 at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Sir George A. Touche, Bart., who presided, said that the results of the company's operations for the year 1927 showed a slight improvement on those of the year 1926. They had carried the record number of 560,747,554 passengers, or 18,648,945 more than in the preceding year.

The total expenses amounted to £3,646,977, and the excess of receipts over expenditure was £1,011,639. With £30,841 from interest and minor receipts in London, there was a total of £1,042,481 to meet fixed obligations and dividends on the First and Second Preference shares.

The balance of the net revenue account was £15,400, which had been added to the carry-forward. The poverty of the returns for their services to the great and growing community of Buenos Aires was in striking contrast to the wealth of experience and endeavour which lay behind a feat of transport repeated every day. The significance of the transport achievement would be better appreciated when they remembered the conditions under which the company carried out the daily task of catering for a population of over 2,000,000 inhabitants. There was the extreme congestion as far as the central zone of the city was concerned; there was the competition from numerous omnibus undertakings; and there was the restricted fare from the proceeds of which must be defrayed heavy taxation and paving charges. It was no exaggeration to say that the extent of the problem had few, if any, parallels in any of the other great cities of the world.

TRAMWAYS v. OMNIBUSES

Much had been written and said in recent years about the comparative merits of tramways and omnibuses. In the larger and older cities of the world, where design and general conditions had lent themselves to the extensive accommodation of the motor omnibus, it had, without doubt, justified itself. In Buenos Aires, at any rate, after fifty-one years of operation, they found the public still showing a preference for the tramways over other public vehicles. Although omnibuses were a valuable auxiliary, it seemed not unreasonable to believe that for many decades yet tramways would maintain their supremacy as the City's safest and most efficient means of communication.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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